The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 25 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

ELMER DAVIS

Reviews "It Can't Happen Here" by Sinclair Lewis

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

On Edwin Arlington Robinson — "Psychologist of New England"

FRANK R. KENT

Reviews "Notes as Vice President" by Charles G. Dawes

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Reviews "The Adventures of General Marbot" Edited by John W. Thomason, Jr.

MAX MILLER

Reviews "Hands" by Charles G. Norris

Lindsey

SINCLAIR LEWIS IN VERMONT

"As I write this the morning papers quote remarks of Governor Eugene Talmadge which might have been spoken, word for word, by Lewis's Senator Buzz Windrip; yesterday's papers reported speeches at a D. A. R. convention which, if Lewis had written them, would have been dismissed as burlesque . . . Brethren, it could happen here—not in 1936, perhaps; but sooner than anybody might think" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACMILLAN *the Best of the* NEW BOOKS

Within The Walls

by AGNES C. VAUGHAN

Much has been written of Helen of Troy, little of her equally romantic and even more tragic sister-in-law, Andromache. Here we see her from her arrival in Ilion as the bride of Hector to the last bitter moment when the city is sacked. The story, a novel in modern setting, retains all the fascination which has made it immortal. $2.50

A Visit to America

by A. G. MACDONELL

Those who chuckled over ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND and revelled in HOW LIKE AN ANGEL, will welcome unreservedly this hilarious report of Mr. Macdonell's recent visit with us. He writes of city rambles, subway trips, football games and his first clam chowder . . . and over it all plays the warming flavor of friendly, if witty, criticism. $2.50

Youth Uncharted

by STEPHEN LAWFORD

"A modern Anthony Adverse in the flesh—fact, not fiction," exclaims the Norfolk Ledger Dispatch of this thrilling account of twenty-five years of continuous adventure throughout the world. And the Chicago News declares, "It is one of the great human documents of our time; has all the power of Vera Brittain's TESTAMENT OF YOUTH plus a masculine irony." $2.50

Gods Who Die

by JULIAN DANA

Life in the South Sea Islands before their exploitation began is vividly described here as told by George Westbrook, one of the most noted adventurers in the history of that colorful region. An accurate record of an unusual life adventurously lived, it recreates the islands of half a century ago. Westbrook still resides in Apia, one of the few men now living who participated in the events he describes. $3.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY .·. NEW YORK

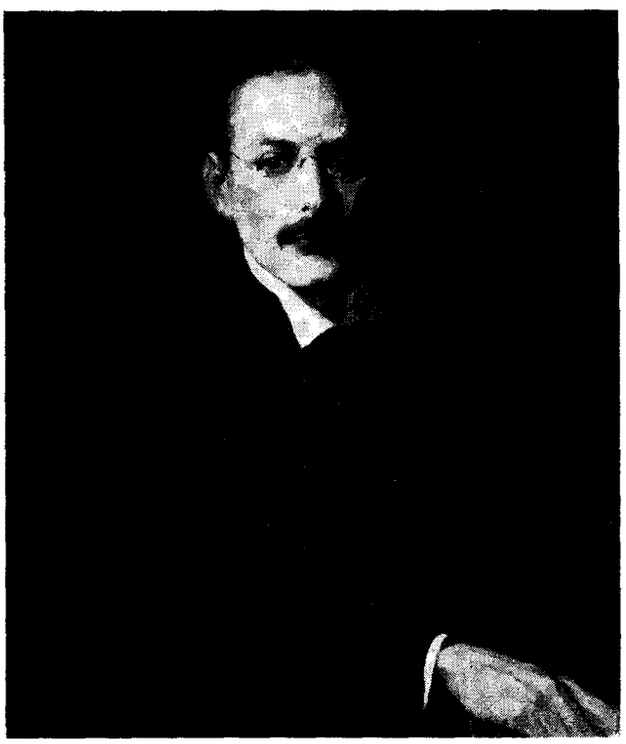
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Psychologist of New England

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

IT is hazardous to attempt accurate appraisal of the work of any important creative artist, either during his lifetime or shortly after his death. The odds are heavy even against a critic who can consider what such a contemporary has left—the fine distillation of a man's whole life—impersonally, dispassionately; but the chances of failure are increased tenfold for one whose vision is clouded by memories of friendship as well as obscured by those mists that hide what is near and leave only in clear sunlight peaks far away.

Time must do its winnowing and distance bring its cold perspective before Mr. Robinson can be assigned a definite place among English poets, or in the American inheritance from England (he was scarcely touched by the Mediterranean world or continental Europe), or even in that still more circumscribed New England tradition of which he may have been the final flower; and time alone will sift unerringly the kernels of grain from the chaff and the husks in his work. It is not always that any creative artist is at his best, finding full coördination between impulse and expression, achieving that perfect fusion of intellect and right instinct and emotion which distinguishes a living work of art from an automaton that merely seems to live until it runs down—not to mention his prose plays, there is inevitable variation in quality. In some pieces his mannerisms are too obtrusive; in certain others his characteristic virtues of insight and sympathetic understanding seem to become limitations, binding him in as a man is bound by an *idée fixe*, so that he always sees everything in the same way and comes to lack flexibility in his interpretation of what he sees. There is a considerable percentage of Robinson's verse that now—six months after his death—seems to have the fusion, the lift, the soul of poetry, but the choice among his individual poems must vary with the personality of the reader. A poem that has nothing for one of us may have a great deal for another; and in the end time will pick out those which have something of sufficient general import or appeal to give them a place secure in the consciousness of humanity and the heaven of English song.



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

From a portrait by William Shearman Potts, reproduced by courtesy of the owner, Miss Katherine Forest.

As to the ultimate ranking of Mr. Robinson's work as a whole, it is even more difficult to speak. He stands clearly above the rank and file of those who write; he was a man of powerful intellect and penetrating insight; and he was a master of technique—particularly the technique of blank verse. Some have claimed for him equality with the greatest, with Virgil and Dante, with Goethe and Shelley; but if a poet were ultimately to find his immortal remains neighbored by those of Matthew Arnold or Browning and rubbing elbows with the makers of some few enduring lyrics from Andrew Marvell to Arthur O'Shaughnessy, he should have little of which to complain. The present writer cares greatly for a considerable number of Mr. Robinson's poems, but the notorious hazards of literary prophecy combine with a consciousness of strong predilections to make him refrain from being too oracular in complying with the first half of the request with which he has been honored—to appraise the work and describe the personality of his friend, Edwin Arlington Robinson. It is better for one who does not claim any special critical acumen and certainly cannot claim impartiality, to write mainly of the man he knew, the man "E. A.", who once remarked that when his full name was pronounced—Edwin Arlington Robinson—it sounded like a tin pan bumping down uncarpeted stairs.

Of him there is already a great deal that emerges clear cut from the haze of composite memories; and now that the rather overpowering impression of his three months in hospital commences to take its proper place in the long perspective, it is possible to see again behind the poignant vision of the man who kept himself living until his last manuscript, meticulously corrected, was handed to the publisher, and then, within three hours, sank into final unconsciousness. During those intermediate hours E. A. chatted separately with three or four old friends, disregarding at last the prohibition against more than very brief interviews; and while he was smoking a final cigarette with one of them, each of the two who sat there together smoking and talking, as they had smoked and talked together through twenty-nine fairly intimate years, knew, without the word being spoken, that the other felt this to be the last time. Since then, as is the way of life, things have taken on again their true relationships, and thought has gone back to the steadfastness and patience of the years lived in single-minded and devoted effort, so that the way in which death was met has come to be seen as only the ultimate expression of the same steadfastness with which life was met; and in all this regaining of perspective time has been helped by the re-

Next Week

LITERATURE GOES LEFT
By MARY M. COLUM

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA
By ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reading of nearly three hundred letters in E. A.'s strange, microscopic script which had changed very little through the years from 1907 to 1934 during which they were written.

There will be some who criticize adversely Mr. Robinson's poetry because it concerns itself almost solely with the results of character in the world we know, and on the rare occasions when it touches metaphysical speculation is, in the main, negative rather than positive. To such critics poetry to be great poetry must express some positive faith as to the meaning and outcome of existence; but the doctrine that Robinson preached, as all New Englanders must preach some doctrine, was of forgiveness through understanding in this life, and he left to others, with almost complete agnosticism as Schopenhauer did, speculation as to what is beyond. After all when a man has faced life and death with the same steadfastness and patience and kindliness and quiet humor, he has contributed something positive, and it seems unnecessary to search Robinson's poetry for what his character did not permit him to put into it, instead of praising it as many have done for what it did unquestionably contain. An artist expresses his own views of life, not those of others, and if the distinguished writer now under consideration was not the apostle of faith in an age of skepticism this fact does not detract in the slightest from the value and power of what he was.

To write about the man E. A. is to write at the same time about the poet, for in the case of Mr. Robinson the artist and his work were peculiarly one. He did not put into his verse merely the best side of him —all he could never be—nor yet the worst side, but his entire self; and he applied all that he was to artistic creation, to doing completely what there was in him to do, with a conscientious and single-minded devotion that while not without parallel in literary history is apt to be a mark of the elect. In his work as in his life there was perfect sincerity. He regarded the people he knew with the same searching, analytical insight, the same compassionate understanding that he applied to the people he created. Most of us are compounded of contradictions; there was a rare unity about E. A. and what his verse reflects is the whole man—complete, sincere, unposed; with his reticence, his quiet humor, his kindliness of judgment, his ever-careful choice of the exact word to express an exact meaning. He was careful of his words, his actions, and his judgments in the old New England way; his New England conscience drove him to work constantly, without rest or intermission, giving out all, and more than all that there was in him to give; and whether this harassment of conscience was based on a feeling that it was necessary for him to justify the faith of those who had helped him in his early days or was grounded more obscurely in a consciousness that one who fulfilled few or none of the ordinary obligations of humanity must justify himself to himself, his attitude toward his own life and his own work is clearly revealed as a part of his New England heritage. His marked reticence was also of New England, and one suspects that in his early childhood E. A. had spelled out laboriously the sign at some railroad crossing of the Boston and Maine: STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN, and had made it the motto on his shield.

The New Englandism of Mr. Robinson is something not to be forgotten by those who will try to appraise his work and to assign the place he is to hold between the past and the future of American letters. He took all things seriously; he was interested in sin and atonement; his creed as expressed in his life as well as in his work was based—like that of Dostoievsky —in the forgiveness that comes from understanding, and if this attitude of mind is not characteristic of the stern New Englandism of the Puritans it is at least a logical modern development from it.

Mr. Robinson was primarily interested in individual character; he probed and dug with zeal and indefatigable patience for those secret springs from which issue the actions and inactions whose aggregate make up a life. Once he thought that he had discovered a small rift in the lute of married happiness which was being played by a couple he knew, and he announced his discovery so triumphantly to them that they were able to see how they had been studied and how powerful his imagination working had watched the rift he had discerned widen through the years that were to come, until it spoiled their music. He was concerned almost solely with individual character and with the clashes of clearly analyzed personalities that react upon one another and yet are bound fatally by what they are. The destinies and characters of persons interested him more than the destiny of the race or the interactions of world forces—a fact curiously illustrated by the contrast between those of the letters just reread which were written from 1914 to 1918, and those of another distinguished New England man of letters—the late George Edward Woodberry, which were gone over after his death for a similar reason. During those years every one of Woodberry's letters was filled with the war; they quoted what had been written to him by boys in the Italian trenches; they were like pæans of thanksgiving for American youths who joined the colors; they were heart-broken because of the failure of American ideals and American democracy; they were so agonized over the writer's inability—through age and physical infirmity and poverty—to be of use that in the end Mr. Woodberry's friends had to give an ambulance in his name, and so make him feel not wholly unrepresented in the struggle. During those same years Robinson's letters to the same correspondent scarcely mentioned the war at all, and then only casually—a fact which illustrates perfectly his complete absorption in and devotion to the one thing that he felt predestined to accomplish, let the cost be what it might. When he recorded the ending of a world in "Camelot" he did so from a philosophic rather than from an immediate emotional point of view.

Probably ninety percent of Robinson's work is psychoanalytical and concerned solely with individuals; but "King Jasper," the poem finished last summer and gone over minutely in the hospital, is not characteristic of its author in this respect. In writing this piece he was thinking not of individuals but of types, and, as he may perhaps have been in "Camelot," of the slow destiny of races in the hands of a fate that is an internal rather than an external control. A single reading of "King Jasper" left the writer of these words with a conviction that it was one of its author's most powerful and best wrought and least comforting productions. E. A. used to refer to himself as an "insane optimist," because he saw the possibilities of good in thwarted lives that seemed wholly evil; but his vision of the general destiny of humanity was not optimistic, and when the typescript of this poem was returned to him with the remark that certain other writers from the time of the Peloponnesian War down had found the world going to the devil in their days, there was

(*Continued on page* 16)

Renoir in Central Park

By Emily Otis

THESE are sure signs and not to be gainsaid
Till the sun shuts its easel in the dark,
Today an artist who was rumored dead
Paints ghosts of other summers in the park—
The boating party calling as I pass,
The ruddy nursemaid and her charge's curls,
The children poised for handsprings on the grass
Like little limber-bodied circus girls.
Now when I look on ladies in the sun
And the bright shift of figures with the season
Those others walk beside them one by one,
Thus doubly painted for belief and reason,
And these sprigged prints and parasols and pluming
Come to me with an air of second blooming.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 25, October 19, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

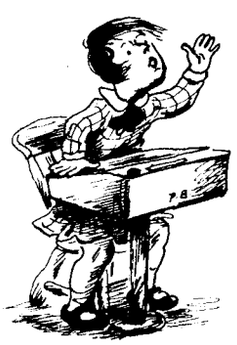
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ode to Liberty

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SUPPOSE America went Fascist, what then? Mr. Lewis has supposed it, and the answer to the question makes a hair-raising story, once he gets into it. Granted that a Senator who, explicitly, is not Huey Long (still living when the book was written), with the support of a radio preacher who, explicitly, is not Father Coughlin, should win the next election on a program promising everything to everybody, except such Jews and Negroes as refused to be content with the station in life to which it has pleased God to appoint them; what would happen to the people of these states? Just about what happened in Germany, says Lewis; and (no doubt drawing a good deal of his information from his wife, Dorothy Thompson) he translates the present of Germany into the future of America with a skill and power that will give you insomnia for a couple of nights after you finish the book.



DOROTHY THOMPSON
"As rapidly inquiring . . . as a kid in class."

Unfortunately it takes him a hundred and fifty pages to really get going. The story of the campaign, the election, the first acts of the new administration, is done no better than it could be done by any one of fifty newspapermen on assignment from the city editor. Lewis is writing a missionary tract and a fervent prayer, and it is worth waiting for; but the first third of his book, mixing fiction with fact and real with imaginary characters, is the same type of story as Floyd Gibbons's "The Red Napoleon," or the preparedness-invasion stories that were so numerous in 1916. "The Red Napoleon" was tripe except for the purely military chapters and most of the war-time invasion stories were tripe without that exception; Lewis is far better than that, yet when he is writing about public affairs and their impact on private characters he gets into his story none of the unbearably vivid sense of a national crisis against which individuals play out their personal crises, that Rex Stout managed to put into "The President Vanishes." And Lewis's story creaks in the transition from self-government to dictatorship; it may be doubted if any President would be able to get away, at the very beginning of his administration, with the arrest of all members of Congress who refused to vote him absolute power.

But all that had to be got out of the way before Lewis could get down to his real business, and you are earnestly advised to push your way through it and give attention to what he has to say. Once he has all the works of German fascism going in America the story concentrates more and more on what happened in one small town in Vermont to the sort of people you know; and especially to Doremus Jessup, the easy-going, elderly liberal editor who saw his paper taken away from him, his son-in-law murdered, and his worthless and vicious hired man promoted to be fascist boss of the district. When Doremus Jessup, his daughter, his mistress, and a few of his friends become the local cell of the New Underground, the secret revolutionary organization in contact with the refugees in Canada, the story becomes a thriller of the very first quality, and a thriller with as good a sermon behind it as Lewis has ever preached.

For essentially this is an ode to Liberty. Doremus Jessup was a liberal and he remained a liberal to the end; but a fighting liberal who found plenty of others like himself, men and women who believed that liberty not only is worth fighting for but can be fought for. Lewis writes like a man who has had to listen to communists; and the bigoted intolerance of communists who would rather continue as a persecuted sect, sustained only by the hope that some day they may do the persecuting, than admit any merit in people who fail to accept their theology, has never been more effectively blasted than by half a dozen scarifying paragraphs in this story. He pays his respects, too, to the gentlemen who talk about liberty, meaning only liberty for big money, and think that the Constitution consists of the due-process clause plus a few meaningless phrases. It may surprise some readers to find the author of "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry" appearing as a devotee of America, as fervent as Whitman; but the America he loves is Whitman's America, and Lincoln's, and Jefferson's. An America not to be restored, at this late date? Perhaps; at the end of the story a liberal rebellion has broken out in the Northwest, but there is no guarantee that it will win, no clear indication of what it would do if it did win—except that the country is no longer to be ruled in the interest of the rich, and that the freedom for which liberals are fighting is to be preserved, even if they come out on top. There are still a good many people in this country who believe that the thing could be done.

SINCLAIR LEWIS
"A country-store type." Caricatures by Peggy Bacon, from "Off With Their Heads" (McBride).

In some respects, undoubtedly, Lewis has mellowed. Communists will say that wealth has mellowed him; more probably it is time—and Vermont, for which he reveals more affection than he showed for Sauk Center. (Yet it is the Northwest, observe, which first rises against the tyrant.) Scattered through the book are a hundred aphorisms worthy of quotation, comments on American life and American history much more temperate than you might expect from Lewis. Yet he can still hate; he still does hate, all the enemies of liberty whether Right or Left.

No doubt a good many people will dismiss this as a sensational scare story; it can't happen here. Well, Lewis's account of the administrations of Presidents Windrip, Sarason, and Haik may copy Germany a little too closely—purely by the law of averages, it is unlikely that American fascism would also so strongly tend to homosexuality. But his story of the workings of fascism in Fort Beulah, Vermont, is enough to give you the shivers; for he shows you exactly the sort of people—every small town has them, and every city too—who would find in fascism the outlet they have always wanted for envy, hatred, and malice. The material is there, kept down only by fear of the police; once the police are on their side——

And as I write this, the morning papers quote remarks of Governor Eugene Talmadge which might have been spoken, word for word, by Lewis's Senator Buzz Windrip; yesterday's papers reported speeches at a D. A. R. convention which, if Lewis had written them, would have been dismissed as burlesque too exaggerated to be effective; and the president of the American Federation of Labor has just pledged coöperation with the American Legion "to the end that subversive elements may be well identified . . . and promptly suppressed." Brethren, it could happen here—not in 1936, perhaps; but sooner than anybody might think, if the hard times go on. Watch and pray.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saint Joan as a Human Being

JOAN OF ARC. By Milton Waldman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

JOAN OF ARC is a member of that select group of historical characters whose fascination for the biographer is wellnigh irresistible. The explanation is simple. It lies both in the obvious fact that her career was dramatic far beyond the legitimate demands of writer or reader and in the variety of appeal that she makes to sentimentalist and cynic, baptized and unbaptized. As as architect of the French nation she seems to epitomize France itself. Herr Sieburg showed a sure instinct when, in his study of the French national character ("Is God a Frenchman?"), he entitled the first chapter "Saint Joan." The chronicle of Joan's life, preserved chiefly in the records of her trial and rehabilitation, invite attempts to guess the riddle of her character. Yet she remains as mysterious as ever.

This, in a word, is the justification for another life of Joan. No two solutions can be alike, and all have value. Mr. Waldman's purpose, as announced by his publishers—to show "the Maid of Orleans not as a legend but as flesh and blood"—has an alarmingly familiar ring. It is a claim that too often has been used to cover biological details and backstairs scandal. In this instance the profession, I think, is justified. Mr. Waldman has written a book from which both sensationalism and sentimentality are happily missing. His Joan is easily distinguished from the talking abstraction of Bernard Shaw, the naïve tool of shrewder minds created by Anatole France, and the ikon-like figure of Mark Twain and Andrew Lang. She is a salty, straightforward virgin in whom the deepest piety and patriotism are joined to a dangerous commonsense that cuts through the elaborate conventions of theology and feudal warfare. The gaily ironic humor which runs through her trial should convince even her idolators that as the rather priggish heroine on a pedestal she is grossly miscast. Mr. Waldman's Joan, on the whole, is a credible person, and he has described her in a book that, save for a few minor lapses in literary taste, is satisfying and absorbing.

Modern students of Joan's life, whose motives go beyond those of hagiography, have had to contend against heavy odds. The Joan legend, which even during her lifetime nearly obliterated the human being, has hidden the kernel of fact within a hard shell of tradition. At the hands of pious chroniclers and popular belief the legend has swelled until it is now, in Mr. Waldman's words, "too old, too rugged, even too hallowed ever to be seriously modified." Another and equally serious difficulty lies simply in the inability of one age to appreciate the emotional and intellectual climate of another. To accept the explanations of natural phenomena given by our sixteenth-century ancestors would condemn us to a universe in which caprice had been substituted for order.

Mr. Waldman has made a gallant attempt to surmount these obstacles. He rejects alike the objective reality of the Voices and the theory of certain moderns who would throw the Maid to the psychiatrists. There is nothing about her, he concludes, that suggests a hysterical personality, nor did she find kinship with the typical mystics of her age. In the early fifteenth century the religious sensations of European humanity were so acute as to become pathological, revealing themselves in such perverse forms as flagellants and *danses macabres*. At such times one can expect Voices to speak clearly and imperiously. Is it absurd to suppose then in

JOAN OF ARC

this highly charged atmosphere a peasant girl, extraordinarily sensitive, could summon angels and saints by the very force of her own will to believe?

The qualities which Joan brought to a chaotic and demoralized France were not chiefly military. This is not to follow Anatole France in belittling her talent for generalship. But it was rather the moral content which she was able to inject into the cause of the Dauphin and the confidence which she inspired in her troops that made her appearance the turning-point of the war. After the relief of Orleans, her tactical sense developed rapidly. With the moral ascendancy which she established over her soldiers she coupled an intuitive grasp of the immediate objective and the will to strike hard until it should be achieved. Her behavior at the trial was of a piece with her conduct in the field. Here she was pitting herself not against a few thousand Goddams but against the officers of the Universal Church, backed by the University of Paris. Her tactics were so direct as to embarrass her examiners, used as they were to finely-drawn subtleties. She could make feints and sorties, sometimes with considerable damage to her opponents. But her testimony in the large is that of one who countered guile with simple honesty. Joan would not have appreciated the compliment paid her by an English nobleman present at the trial, though for him it was the ultimate tribute: "There's a fine woman; what a pity she isn't English."

David Owen is an instructor in the history department at Yale University.

From A to Zyrian

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. New York: Columbia University Press. 1935. $17.50.

Reviewed by PERCY W. LONG

AMERICAN dictionaries have long encroached on the field of the encyclopedia. Here a professed one-volume encyclopedia approaches an encyclopedia dictionary. But as four-fifths of its estimated 50,000 entries are names of persons and places, it is primarily a dictionary of proper names—and one without illustrations or maps. Thereby places are very fully covered, for the United States endeavoring to include those of 1,000 inhabitants up. Names of persons rank second, but include a restricted "Who's Who." Biblical names are thoroughly covered. Characters in literature are rare.

The entries, however long, are confined to one paragraph, and thus often become (as at United States) unwieldy for quick reference. But they offer only what the editor aptly terms "first aid." The book makes no pretense to serve an expert in his field or suffice him for expert instruction in another field. It is rather an alphabetized primer. Its entries are well selected, and generally adequate in accuracy. They suffer from two defects: the selection of data offered has not the discrimination of a specialist, and the relative space for like entries lacks nice evaluation. For the former see such entries as *Hamlet*, Marx under *Communism*, *Piers Plowman;* for the latter compare Dante and Giotto, Molière and Munsey, Algernon and Sir Philip Sidney. Where several places bear the same name, as Springfield, the alphabetical order by states or countries results in obscuring important places.

This book, by profession, does not replace the dictionary or the atlas, in fact, except for brief references, it does not replace the encyclopedia. Its field of usefulness is to provide scraps of important information to satisfy a momentary interest. This service it does well enough for undiscriminating readers. It is usually up to date, and in matters of controversial nature or religious differences it shows highly praiseworthy tact. Only the doctors

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may cavil, in that medical advice appears rather more than is usual. An excellent cross-reference system enables readers to pursue a subject into its related entries: and bibliographical references, often unfortunately not the best, enable him to go further elsewhere.

The one-volume encyclopedia is a demonstrated service. One put forth under the name of a great university, with the personal coöperation of its president, should offer to the general public the discriminating guidance of experts, comparable to its faculty, and not less authoritative, for instance, than the staff who provided the encyclopedia material in the recent Webster. This the present work does not do. Its sources are secondary sources. Its writing and reviewing staffs were not composed of distinguished authorities. With the judicious elimination of material interesting solely to specialists, which they were able to effect, there should be also specialist guidance to what is most important. The name suggests rather more than the book can justly claim.

It is well edited, in clear type, and with few misprints (as "America" for "Armenia" under *Mithraism*). Its 1949 pages in three full columns provide the best available book of proper names, and with these rather more encyclopedic material for other entries than a large dictionary. Though this material lacks authority, it is for brief reference by the man in the street ordinarily satisfactory. Its "first aid" is administered on the whole effectively and without pain. Testing it two score times in the household, and not as an expert, the reviewer has almost invariably found, for questions which he could not answer, the answer required.

Mr. Long is editor of the Publications of the Modern Language Association.

Without Hell and Maria

NOTES AS VICE-PRESIDENT. By Charles Gates Dawes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK R. KENT

THOSE who expect Mr. Dawes's book to reflect the pungent Hell and Maria personality or the colorful character of that forthright individual of the underslung pipe and the picturesque vocabulary will be mightily disappointed. The book is exactly what its title says—"notes"; the period it covers is largely 1928-1929. He rather lightly leaps over the three earlier years of his Vice-Presidency, and concentrates upon the final one, in which was packed most of the interest of the Coolidge regime. One is reluctant to say that the book is without flavor, interest, or importance, that it is devoid of either original thought on politics or any indication of political or personal philosophy. It is amazing that so virile and charming a man as General Dawes, of so vast an acquaintance and so varied an experience, should not have recorded more salty and worthwhile impressions—if he felt impelled to record at all. He reveals no secrets, throws no new light upon the politics of the period.

The "Notes" are not a measure of the Dawes mentality, nor a real indication of his discernment. The General is a much bigger man than his book would persuade. He would never talk as tritely as he writes—quite the contrary. Actually, the volume exudes sweetness. It drips with eulogies, reeks with compliments. Except for such subjects as are not uncommonly denounced, such as the Senate rules, the pernicious habit of filibustering, the demagogues who sap the strength of our foreign policy, and the general confusion of our politics—except for these—there is not a critical word from cover to cover. As to individuals, to mention a man with the General is to praise him. Without a single exception, he speaks highly of everyone to whom he refers. There is not one in whom he fails to see great ability, high character, culture, charm, nobility of purpose, industrious devotion to duty, unselfish patriotism, and intelligence of a high order: Mellon, Glass, Pepper, Curtis, Reed (both Dave and Jim), Dwight Davis, Wadsworth, Lowden, Young, Borah, Bruce, Robinson, Ferara, the Cuban Minister, Szechenyi, the Hungarian, Pershing, Baker—it made no difference whether they were Democrats, Republicans, or Progressives—the General loved and admired them all. As for Presidents, his real hero was McKinley, whose wisdom, courage, and character he extols to the heights. But he has kind words to say of all McKinley's successors, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Coolidge, and Hoover—and he voices his grief that Mr. Coolidge and General Lord, Budget Director, on one public occasion on which they credited each other with effective economy, had omitted to say that it was Harding who created the budget, and who as its first administrator, cut one billion, seven hundred million from the governmental costs.

When one also reads that the General regrets that the impression that he is wholly a politician has obscured the really "constructive statesmanship" of Senator Watson of Indiana, and that the tact and industry of Mr. Coolidge's heavy-minded Secretary, Everett Saunders, were remarkable, it will be conceded that sweetness can no further go. In this book the General reveals himself to be what his friends have known, a sentimental man, deeply attached to his friends, deeply appreciative of praise, generous, simple, and kindly. Touched by the tributes paid him at the end of his term, he reproduces the speeches made in the Senate and over the radio, the favorable cartoons and editorials, all of which, along with the dinners and other testimonials, he declares with convincing sincerity and all due modesty he will cherish as long as he lives.

The two subjects with which Mr. Dawes deals most convincingly are, first, the necessity of the revision of the Senate rules; second, the necessity of more understanding and breadth in our international relations. It is on the latter that he is most interesting and speaks with a tone of knowledge and authority—more than in the field of domestic politics.

Frank R. Kent is an editor of The Baltimore Sun.

SIGNING THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT

Front row: Vice-President Dawes, President Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg. Back row: Senators Robinson, Borah, Swanson, and T. J. Walsh.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1935, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

"Words That Have Been So Nimble . . ."

PERHAPS there are too many words now in the language! Time was that a writer was choice in his use of them. He had his favorites, and made favorites for others. You could feel his nice taste at work as you read, selecting, rejecting, finding by a happy fortune the word which seemed made for its place in the sentence. Good English then was more than clear English, easy English. It had a richness as of a fabric in which every thread was of chosen stuff. There was nothing machine-made about it as must be the case with your well constructed paragraphs made up of standard parts, and no fancy work like the writing of modernist authors who turn an ordinary sentence upside down, or twist its entrails, to make it different. Analyze a page of the stream of consciousness school or the heavy intellectualists or even of the satirists like Sinclair Lewis and see what an undistinctive succession of standardized phrases is the result.

There is quite as much style in our poets and novelists as in the Victorians, if by style you mean rhythm and a happy succession of sounds. But the words lack lustre. Gertrude Stein prostitutes them, using them, like harlots, only for their sensuous qualities. Others cheapen them, being indifferent to all but their approximate sense. The gusto for words, for the subtle flavor and subtler content of words, seems to have descended to the journalists, and especially to the roughneck journalists. Newspaper departments whose substance is nothing and whose life is only a day, often show more feeling for words than literary novels and poetry. The "dialectitians," as a reviewer in last week's *Review* called our regional writers, are more refreshing to read for those who love words than most of our high-brow authors. Even in poetry the sense for words has been thin in our time. One finds little of it in the leading American and English poets, no matter what other qualities they possess. Frost has it strongly, and so did Vachel Lindsay, and so does Walter de la Mare. But how many others? In prose it is difficult to think of a writer in English above the level of the sports writers or the funny men, who has a real genius for words, such as Charles Lamb possessed, and Thoreau, and Burton, and Kipling, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and George Borrow, and Melville (sometimes), and Poe certainly, and Pater (a bad stylist otherwise), and Carlyle (still worse), and Lincoln, and all the best seventeenth century men, and Henryson and Chaucer before them.

Perhaps there are too many words, so that we who write have to be more concerned with our patterns than with the words we put into them. There are so many ordinary words buzzing in the ears of men and women who read tens of thousands a day in magazines and newspapers and so many specific words for all the gadgets of modern life, that the problem is not to choose but to hold them together. This technique of keeping them in the right curves in an efficient pattern is much more highly developed today among ordinary writers than among all but the most skilful in the past. Any twenty-dollar-a-week journalist can write a better paragraph than many a genius in prose who came before Macaulay. Most bread-and-butter novelists can turn off a better sentence than Trollope, or even Dickens. But they lack (among other things) the sense for words. Apparently one has to write for the masses, especially for the vulgar in the masses, in order to get real color into diction. Probably because their vocabulary is necessarily so limited that words have to count, as they did in the past. And of course among the roughnecks and the humorists the lack of inhibitions counts also. That is why columnists when they are good are very good in their English. They write usually for the hundred thousands. They are exhibitionists by definition and must get the word that hits the imagination with a sock like a soft baseball, or let their personality go unexpressed that day.

The radio should be the happy outlet for lovers of good words, but so far it is a vulgar paradise for flat and stilted diction. Perhaps it is the censoring of the scripts, perhaps it is because there *are* scripts that have to be written to read and then have to be read from writing. Accents of all kinds abound and so do cooings and barkings and familiar ways of speaking that are painful in their artificiality. Even the roughneck radio men seem to be imitating someone when they report a ball game or a prize fight. We have heard good speech over the radio, but never racy speech.

The Irish and the Negroes seem to be the only English speakers today with a vivid sense of words. Perhaps one should add the peasant in some parts of rural England, and a few of our own mountain whites. Their vocabulary is limited (except with the literary Irish), but it says something that can be expressed only as they express it. Thousands of pages of prose today from the literary to the high-grade journalistic, could be said and re-said in a dozen different ways, so undistinguished is the wording. Thousands of lines of modern poetry could also be rearranged if it were not for the rhythmic movement and the pattern of sound, both of which are better than the wording.

Perhaps we talk too much. Certainly we hear too much talking. Probably we read too much. Or is it a better reason that we are dictionary trained, and take our words wholesale from outside instead of slowly fitting them to the movements of our inner consciousness? There have been writers who testified that in their youth they read the dictionary daily. There *are* writers whose diction reads as if that was precisely what they did every morning—and got rid of their accumulations by nightfall. To begin with words and then seek a use for them is one prescription for bad writing. The lover of good words may collect, but he collects because a need for better expression sends him ranging. We moderns, whose eyes are full of print, whose ears buzz with the telephone, the radio, and the quick talk of crowded places, do not have to search. Words, other people's words, fill the air like snowflakes. We live in an intensely articulate society, but one that is articulate on a low plane, like caged monkeys who are never silent but who certainly express little though they express it often. Carlyle saw its beginnings, and probably the noble silence he was always urging (though seldom keeping) was his protest against undiscriminating verbosity. Patterns of expression our moderns handle better than he did. But no silence lies behind their choice of words.

Ten Years Ago

Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" was recommended by The Saturday Review in the issue of March 7, 1925. Henry Seidel Canby wrote in his review in that issue: *"It is time to stop prating of the limitations of Lewis, and on the basis of three of the most remarkable books of our generation give him credit for what with all his faults . . . he undoubtedly is, one of the most brilliant and serviceable students of society in our times."* The other two books are, of course, "Main Street," and "Babbitt."

Today

On page 5 in this issue Elmer Davis reviews Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "It Can't Happen Here." *"It may surprise some readers,"* writes Mr. Davis, *"to find the author of 'Babbitt' and 'Elmer Gantry' appearing as a devotee of America, as fervent as Whitman. . . . Yet he can still hate; he still does hate, all the enemies of liberty whether Right or Left."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Who Wants Old Books? A School Book Exhibit*

Hoarding

SIR:—Why do people hoard books? Why not give them away, instead of writing letters to the *Review* deploring the reading tastes of farm families? Was it not Charles Lamb who weeded out his library periodically, tossing the discarded volumes over the garden wall, to the delight of his next-door neighbors?

I knew a home where books were stacked on top of the book-cases almost to the ceiling—old, unread titles, that would have brought joy to someone too poor to buy books. Another house has boxes and boxes of old books stored in the attic. Why not give them away, and treat yourself to the pleasure of bringing a little happiness to someone else? I do. I'm far from rich; but I've given away hundreds of books.

When my son outgrew "The Motorcycle Boys" and their crowd of nonentities, I gathered up 65 titles and bestowed them upon the country school I attended as a child. Five years afterward I found ragged copies in that school—read to pieces. I've given books to the high-school library of my town, to the state penitentiary, and to the Salvation Army. But the most fun I get out of giving books is to country people. The pure joy on the face of a rural friend at the sight of half a dozen novels I have read, tossed aside, and know I'll never read again, repays the trouble of lugging them in my arms.

Put a few unwanted books in your car, next time you go gypsying. And, instead of handing out a tip for some small favor rendered, hand out a book and watch the reaction. It will surprise you—you apartment dwellers who write letters to this magazine wondering what to do with old books, and why do country folk still read "The Antiquary"? Books are luxuries. Whether you believe it or not, they are to farm people, who have been facing drought, floods, and finance companies, these years. And, even if they were commodities, what is the sense of hoarding them after they have served their purpose? *Give* them away. Once, in a burst of economy, I sold 40 titles, and all I received was $4. I could have had four thousand dollars worth of fun giving them away.

ELEANOR YOUMANS.

Pataskala, Ohio.

The Three R's

SIR:—The Newark Public Library has in preparation an exhibit of old American school books, chiefly those used in the public schools during the lifetime of people now living. In order to represent the complete history of school books in this country, we wish to include some of the very earliest books. We already have editions of the New England Primer, Noah Webster's Speller, Morse's Geography, and a complete facsimile set of Guffey's Readers.

I am wondering if any of your readers have editions of early school books which they would be willing to lend for the exhibit, which will open early in November and continue for about one month? We would be particularly interested in having copies of Webster's "Little Reader Assistant" (published in 1799), the "Columbian Reader or Historical Precepter" (1799), Thompson's "American Tutor's Guide" (1808), and Lovell's "The Young Speaker" (1844).

We plan particularly to emphasize the school books used during the period from about 1860 to 1900. Although this material is more easily obtainable than the earlier books, we shall be glad to hear from anyone with particularly interesting items of this period. A few modern textbooks will be included in the exhibit in order to complete the story.

I would be grateful to anyone having items of this type which they are willing to lend to the Library's exhibit, if they would communicate directly with me.

BEATRICE WINSER, *Librarian*

The Public Library
Newark, N. J.

"EVERY TIME I TRY TO WRITE A NOVEL, THE DARN PHONE STARTS TO RING!"

Schools and Writers

SIR:—There are in the city of New York a number of our newest and finest schools named in honor of men and women who have distinguished themselves in the field of letters. It is true that there should be many more schools here named after America's great writers, and in time this may be done.

Among those I recall are Lowell, Bancroft, Cooper, Irving, Paulding, Longfellow, Whitman, and while these buildings will forever perpetuate the names of these distinguished writers, it has long occurred to me that we should do something in addition to perpetuate the personalities that they might better be an inspiration to the children in the schools. Many other distinguished Americans have been honored in the schools by having a bronze tablet with a gold portrait erected in their honor. This is usually done by some society or foundation organized for that purpose.

I am writing you this letter asking if you know of any society that would cooperate with us in an enterprise such as I have outlined, or do you know of any individuals who might be brought together in a group to carry out such a program?

SADYE S. REISS.

Department of Education
The Bronx, New York City.

They Shall Not Parse

SIR:—Would you mind suggesting to Mr. Morley that he make the necessary effort to complete his sentences? I've just read his contribution to "The First Five Readers."

I teach English, and undoubtedly that gives me an unnatural slant. However, I really feel strongly—as Mr. White suggests that the masses do—about sentences that won't parse. My pupils—especially the ones minus sentence sense—are inclined to disagree with me and are pleased to find as prominent a writer as Mr. Morley to quote. And I can't point out to them that he uses incomplete sentences with calculated effect because he doesn't. . . .

MARGARET HYDE.

Woonsocket, S. D.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Books on Ethiopia

BURNERS OF MEN. By Marcel Griaule. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1935. $2.50.

MEASURING ETHIOPIA AND FLIGHT INTO ARABIA. By Carleton Coon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

ABYSSINIA ON THE EVE. By Ladislas Farago. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.50.

BLACK SHIRT BLACK SKIN. By Boake Carter. New York: The Telegraph Press. 1935. $1.50.

RIVALRIES IN ETHIOPIA. By Elizabeth P. MacCallum. New York: World Peace Foundation. 1935. 50 *cents.*

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

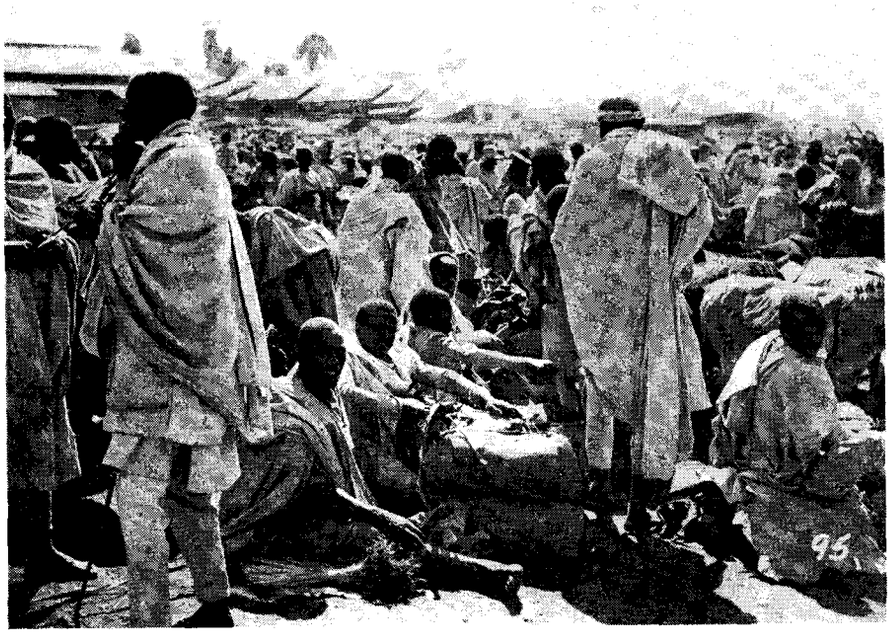
WITH Italian armies advancing into Abyssinia, it is to be expected that the reading public will eagerly scan book lists this fall in the hope of finding material on this vast but unfamiliar land of north-east Africa. Actually there is little modern literature on Abyssinia and most past works deal with specific subjects such as a journey of exploration, a big game hunt, an ethnological study, or a military campaign. Although Abyssinia was one of the first territories of the African hinterland to be visited by Europeans, there is very little written within the last fifty years that is accessible to the modern reader. The reason for the dearth of literature on Abyssinia is readily understood when one realiizes the difficulties encountered by travellers who have visited the country. Hostile natives, bad water or the entire absence of it, a rough terrain, lack of roads and all means of communication, disease, insect pests, and heat—what can one expect from the bold few who have defied obstacles of this nature?

"Burners of Men," by Marcel Griaule, is the popular account of an ethnographic and linguistic mission into the interior of Abyssinia under the direction of the Institute of Ethnology of the University of Paris and various other scientific foundations. This book received a prize in France and has been considered a brilliant study of the Abyssinian hinterland. Irrespective of the material which Mr. Griaule appears to have handled very cleverly, the translation from the French is so poor that a reader is frequently obliged to repeat sentences or paragraphs several times before the meaning becomes clear. This is a distinct handicap and for this reason "Burners of Men" cannot be recommended. However, as a study of the peoples in the regions between Addis-Ababa and Lake Tana and as a picture of that impossible country, the book contributes definitely to our knowledge of Abyssinia.

Mr. Coon's "Measuring Ethiopia and Flight into Arabia" is the account of an anthropological expedition into Abyssinia and later to southern Arabia. Mr. Coon, representing the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, travelled with his very able assistant, Mrs. Coon, through portions of Abyssinia and Arabia in the fall and winter of 1933-4, and this book is the account of their journeys. By every standard it is a most instructive and delightful work. Mr. Coon is gifted with a sense of humor (a very necessary adjunct in tropical Africa) and despite almost overwhelming difficulties seems to have enjoyed his journey. His remarks on the Italo-Abyssinian situation are worthy of study and his statements concerning Japanese influence in Abyssinia are very significant. These comments are contained in the second section of the book and alone would justify Mr. Coon's efforts.

"Abyssinia on the Eve," by Ladislas Farago, is a solid, comprehensive description of Abyssinia as it was a few weeks ago, prior to the outbreak of hostilities with Italy. This is probably the last account that we shall receive of pre-war Abyssinia for, irrespective of the outcome of the present conflict, when peace finally arrives the Abyssinia of the past will have ceased to exist. "Abyssinia on the Eve" is distinctly the most thorough personal picture of modern Abyssinia available. Mr. Farago writes charmingly of the Emperor Haile Selassie and the royal family, all of whom he met and interviewed. He comments on Abyssinian Boy Scouts, food, the army, members of the cabinet, the parliament, and many features of Addis-Ababa. The final chapters on the relations between Italy and Abyssinia will bear careful study. The book contains two maps and is well illustrated. It is recommended to those desiring information on the country, its religions, government, and peoples.

Mr. Boake Carter is well-known to thousands throughout the United States as a radio commentator on public events and news of the day. One might not expect that his "Black Shirt Black Skin" would be anything but superficial. However this is not entirely the case. Mr. Carter writes entertainingly and his book flows along in very much the same manner as does his evening broadcast. "Black Shirt Black Skin" is good journalism, short but presenting in less than two hundred pages the underlying causes of the present strife between Italy and Abyssinia. In the last two chapters he departs from the Abyssinian scene entirely and ventures upon the theme of a world conflict, showing only too clearly how France, England, Japan, and the United States, as well as other powers, could be drawn into war. His opinions as to an uprising of Negro Africa and the final decline of white prestige and domination in the Far East and the African mainland may not coincide with those of all readers but this disagreement is unimportant. Mr. Carter sounds a warning that is only too true. Unless European nations learn to settle their differences by means other than battle, inter-tribal wars will lead definitely to the "Decline of the West." Meanwhile Japan and native Africa are quietly waiting—waiting for what? Despite dramatizations and some inaccuracies, "Black Shirt Black Skin" is a contribution to the contemporary picture of strife between nations of European background and the people of color. The primary value of Mr. Carter's work is that it bridges the gap between the dull contents of a lengthy historical dissertation and the reading abilities of the general public. The chief criticism of the book is, that like so many



THE MARKET PLACE AT ADDIS-ABABA
From the Paramount picture, "Wings Over Ethiopia."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOY SCOUT BUGLER
From "Abyssinia on the Eve."

journalistic efforts of the moment, it becomes past news within a very few weeks.

"Rivalries in Ethiopia," or World Affairs Pamphlet No. 12 of the World Peace Foundation, consists of only sixty-four pages. Within this brief space is set forth the background of the Italo-Ethiopian struggle since Adua in 1896. Mr. Newton D. Baker, in the first fourteen pages of the pamphlet comprising the introduction, has given a resumé of the past relations between Ethiopia and the great European powers as well as the political undercurrent which since 1870 has led to the so-called "scramble for Africa." Miss Elizabeth MacCallum is an authority on the subject of European imperialism in Africa and this is by no means her first study of the situation. The pamphlet is comprehensive although brief.

The situation of Ethiopia has long been one of extreme interest to students of colonial government and European relations in Africa. Mr. Newton D. Baker writes in his introduction, "For fifty years Ethiopia's problem has been that of a minnow in a pool with large fish, darting here and there to avoid the mouth which, for the moment, seemed the widest open." This is a very good simile and it might be added that, if the minnow had not been a Christian minnow, the large fish would have swallowed it long ago on the pretext of bringing the Bible to the heathen.

Italy's ambitions in Ethiopia have good precedent and it is suggested that readers who desire the background before 1896 read "The Partition of Africa," by J. Scott Keltie, which is a very important historical reference on the subject although written more than thirty-five years ago. "A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races," written by Sir Harry H. Johnston and published by the Cambridge University Press in a new and revised edition in 1913, is still a standard work upon the political aspects of African partition up to the time of the World War, and "The New Map of Africa 1900-1916," by the late Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, is also excellent although not as thorough as the two English works.

"Rivalries in Ethiopia" coupled with any of the three above-mentioned works should furnish a reader with a comprehensive picture of the African situation. There are wheels within wheels turning their slow course on the African mainland and "Rivalries in Ethiopia" touches on only one phase, that of Italy and Abyssinia. Today however this struggle is the most important single event in contemporary history and Miss MacCallum's pamphlet is in consequence an extremely valuable resumé of the situation. The final pages, dealing with the attitude of the League of Nations and the various major powers, indicate a situation so fraught with complications that even the best-informed, after reading the pamphlet, will hesitate before drawing conclusions. "Rivalries in Ethiopia" concerns only facts and is therefore highly recommended.

Julian W. Feiss spent several years as a mining engineer in Africa.

War in the Riff

PRO PATRIA. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated by James Cleugh from the Spanish novel "Imán." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $2.50.

THIS is the most devastating of war stories for it deals not with the Great War but with an ordinary war afterward, in which white men and a white army were first demoralized and then crushed by a barbarian enemy, as they may be again. It is a story of the war in the Moroccan Riff conducted by a Spanish army badly led and badly officered in a terrain of exceeding difficulties. Viance, the hero, is a good fellow, very Spanish, very simple, yet very acute and with the Spanish sense of the dignity of the individual which makes his horrible experiences all the more vivid. They are horrible, but some of them are also humorous. The book is as full of humanity as it is of terror. It is like so many current war stories, a narrative of futility, not merely the futility of defeat, not merely the futility of an experience that brings back the best boy in his little village wrecked physically, deteriorated mentally, and despised just because he has been a soldier, but also a story of a deeper futility, the sham of a patriotism which attempts to justify the exploitation of an alien race by the patriotic needs of the home country. Spaniards have always been admirable in savage sarcasm. One gets it in this book, but not philosophically. The sarcasm is all worked into a narrative which, if it makes the reader shudder, also inevitably makes him think. It is a really good book—if you have the stomach to read it.

"Promise of the Kingdom of Man"

EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING. By Walter de la Mare. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF all contemporary poets Walter de la Mare has been able to enter into the world of a child's dream and fancy with supreme ease, and has also, in his prose, shown a deep understanding of the world of the child from an adult point of view. Now he has produced a large book of nearly forty chapters springing from his continuous interest in children, a book in which he has called as witnesses to the various significant aspects of childhood many great men and women both dead and living. But the large volume is built upon his own astute commentary. The three main divisions are "Early Life," "Early Memories," and "Early Writings"; and within these divisions are gathered chapters covering every phase of childhood. In the first section a chapter that seems to me most characteristic of Mr. de la Mare, and most subtle in its analysis, is the one called "Memory." And for pithy description of the fascinating race so alien to the adult world, commend me to this, from his introduction:

> Compared with their elders they are physically a feeble people; they are at once impounded if found straying; and they seldom have any money.

And this, from the second chapter of "Early Life," called "Solitude,"

> Children master shared conditions with an amazing rapidity, adapt themselves to their surroundings like sagacious chameleons, dodge pitfalls, evade the crafty, simulate catalepsy, and when pursued, scuttle into their impregnable burrows.

At the end of his introduction he re-

SHELLEY AT THIRTEEN
From a portrait by Hoppner

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minds us also of something that in our assumed wisdom we are all too apt to forget, namely that "Childhood is the name of the world's immediate future; of such, and such alone, is the promise of the kingdom of man."

Let no one get the idea that this is a sentimental volume about the "dear little children." It contains rich beauty and humor, but the examination—in its third chapter, "Aspects"—of the treatment of children in the past, particularly with reference to the much romanticized chimney-sweepers of London, is as tough-minded as one could wish, as indeed are the chapters on "Woes," "Night-Fears," and "Horror."

Naturally the imaginative side of childhood, and literary achievement both epistolary and creative, interests the poet profoundly. In passing, I never realized before that Poe wrote what is to me one of the most perfect of his poems, "To Helen," at the age of only fourteen. A less-well-known fact is that, because Thomas Hardy at the age of eight "chanced one day in a closet on 'A History of the Wars,'" "more than fifty years afterwards it towered into that monarch of the forest, his Epic-Drama, 'The Dynasts.'" Needless to say the book is packed with anecdote, but always significant anecdote. It is impossible in a review of this length to illustrate the volume's full scope, but not merely children's (and many famous children's) school experiences (with Shelley and Swinburne two prime examples of the misfit child), but also their experiences of conscience and sin, their toys and their play, their reactions to people, and even their very food make for fruitful discussion and illustration betokening the most intelligent research.

Mr. de la Mare disclaims any attempt to enter profoundly into the psychology of the child or to prove a thesis; but his understanding is so sane, and his extracts so well chosen, that to me this is a more illuminating book than many statistical treatises and elaborate professional examinations. One can make many mistakes in generalizing about children, as Mr. de la Mare well knows; for, as Shelley, at the age of eight, wrote of human beings:

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which, like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

To say nothing of the letters and rhymes of the immortal Marjorie Fleming—such are some of the spoils the poet has gathered! And the illustrations to the book, of the famous as children, of Ann and Jane Taylor, Francis Bacon, "Ingoldsby," Hazlitt, Sir Walter Scott, Shelley, Thackeray, Albrecht Dürer, Francis Thompson, Byron, and so on, are perfect.

This is certainly a book for every library that values letters and youth. The author has made it a treasury of revelations concerning that father of Man, the Child.

Black Magic and Dark Laughter

MULES AND MEN. By Zora Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHEN Zora Hurston set out with an education in anthropology and a Chevrolet to collect the folk-lore of dark laughter and dark magic she counted much on her own Negro blood to make it possible for her "to penetrate through that affected demeanor by which the Negro excludes the white observer from participating in his true inner life." But no advantage of skin or blood could have produced the book which Miss Hurston brought back from the gay "woofing" of Florida's lumber camps and the tawdry rituals off the little sinister streets in New Orleans's Vieux Carré. Only an ability to write, a rare conjunction of the sense of the ridiculous and the sense of the dramatic, could have produced this remarkable collection of Negro folk tales and folk customs.

Perhaps not all that Miss Hurston has collected is true folk lore unless the minstrel show, the vaudeville act, and the joke book before her were unacademic collectors of the folk humor of the Negroes. Perhaps some readers will halt in skepticism as Miss Hurston advances in solemnity into the mysterious rites of Hoodoo. But her book is rich enough to stand both skepticism and familiarity. Strung together on the story of her quest for them are tales like those of Joel Chandler Harris's Brer Rabbit and of Roark Bradford's Scriptures in black face. There is material for a whole lusty and amusing book in the hilarious adventures of Old Massa and John (not John Henry, who Miss Hurston says is as modern as Casey Jones). And steadily through the book's pages there is plenty of the humor of grand black exaggeration:

> "My ole man wouldn't farm no po' land like dat," said Joe Wiley. "Now, one year we was a kinda late puttin' in our crops. Everybody else had corn a foot high when papa said, 'Well, chillun, Ah reckon we better plant some corn.' So Ah was droppin' and my brother was hillin' up behind me. We had done planted 'bout a dozen rows when Ah looked back and seen de corn comin' up. Ah didn't want it to grow too fast 'cause it would make all fodder and no roastin' ears so Ah hollered to my brother to sit down on some of it to stunt de growth. So he did, and de next day he dropped me back a note—says: 'passed thru Heben yesterday at twelve o'clock sellin' roastin' ears to de angels!'"
>
> "Yeah," says Larwins White, "dat was some pretty rich ground, but whut is de poorest ground you ever seen?"
>
> Arthur Hopkins spoke right up and said:
>
> "Ah seen some land so poor dat it took nine patridges to holler 'Bob White.'"

But Miss Hurston is not only the collector of amusing tales who, as she relates it, barely escaped with her life from the sometimes murderous merriment of the lumber camp; she is also (she reports vividly) one who has gone naked through the initiation of Hoodoo and come out less tight-lipped than others of those "thousands of secret adherents" of the cult. Indeed, far from being secretive, in an appendix she gives a complete course in conjure by which almost anyone could set up in the apparently lucrative business, already armed with infallible prescriptions for dealing with love, legal scraps, or sudden death.

Altogether "Mules and Men" is a satisfying book. In a foreword, Dr. Franz Boas of Columbia University points out its value to "cultural history." It is also valuable to current entertainment.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS, FROM "MULES AND MEN"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Napoleon's Happy Warrior

ADVENTURES OF GENERAL MARBOT. Edited and illustrated by Major John W. Thomason, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

MAJOR THOMASON says in his Foreword, "I remember his book upon my Father's shelves but I never read it, since it had no pictures and a heavy look." Something of the same sort happened to me. After I had devoured, in gulps, the Adventures and Exploits of a certain Brigadier Etienne Gerard, and was angry that there weren't any more, I told my father about it and he said, "If you feel that way, you certainly ought to read Marbot. The Gerard stories are good ones—but Marbot himself is even better. He was a real man, you see." But the only edition we had was in French, which I couldn't read.

That must have been about twenty-five years ago and that's a long time to wait for a book. But there is one thing about it. Nobody will ever again put down General Marbot's memoirs because they have "no pictures and a heavy look." They are all here, Davout, Lannes, Ney, Augereau, Massena, the lancer of the Vistula and the Spanish guerilla, the stripped corpse on the battlefield and the jingle of the general staff—the lean Napoleon of Italy and the fat one of the end. They are here, in Major Thomason's superb drawings, with the presence of life upon them. And, at the end there is a man still young and with boyish looks, kicking his heels in exile in Germany and writing it all down.

Jean Antoine Marcellin, Colonel Baron de Marbot, was a very small baby whom his father nicknamed Kitten. Though his father was a general, his own preliminary training for the military life was somewhat out of the ordinary, including, as it did, four years spent as the only boy pupil and pet of a girls' school. Then the Benedictine College at Soreze which Jean Marcellin didn't much care for, in spite of the riding and fencing. And then Father intended the Kitten for the Navy. But a chance conversation changed things. "He turned to me, saying, 'Well, will you come to Italy with me and serve in the Army?' I threw my arms around his neck and accepted with joy."

It was 1799, with a new Europe beginning, and Marbot was seventeen. He started in as a private in the former Bercheny hussars—a very youthful private who had to wear a false pigtail and moustachios made of blacking so as not to spoil the appearance of the regiment. The shy schoolboy was teased, at first—passed through the daredevil, swaggering phase that is apt to overtake shy schoolboys in such situations—and soon, by the luck of the game, was commanding his first patrol. His father kept an eye on him, but it was decidedly a Roman one, and Marbot, from the first, got his promotions entirely on his merits. On the 10th Nivose, Year 7, he was gazetted sub-lieutenant. And from then to Waterloo, he could write with justice of the Napoleonic epic, "All of it I saw. Most of it I was."

He was wounded thirteen times and left for dead on the snowstricken field of Eylau, to wake "completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot." He plunged into freezing rivers, he burned in the Spanish sun. At the assault upon the fortified convent of Santa Engracia, in Saragossa, he was shot through the left side with "a lead bullet of the largest caliber," fired from a blunderbuss and notched like the wheel of a watch. Indeed the mere history of his wounds is saga enough. When General Saint-Hilaire was killed at Essling

> I was myself struck in the thigh by a grape-shot which tore out a piece of flesh as large as an egg, but the wound was not dangerous and I was able to return and report to the Marshal. I found him with the Emperor, who, seeing me covered with blood, remarked, "Your turn comes round pretty often!"

That gives you a touch of Marbot. "The hussars of Conflans rode at the head of the Grand Army and I rode at the head of the hussars." That is Etienne Gerard, but it gives you a touch of Marbot, too.

For it is this engaging mixture of frankness, shrewdness, and pride that make the memoirs such good reading. Marbot has not the slightest false modesty but you cannot read a chapter of him without feeling that he was quite as good an officer as he thought he was—and his standards of professional ability were high. What he thinks of a man, that he says, and he has a Pepysian eye for detail, humorous, gallant or tragic. He can paint the appalling dinner-party at which Massena forcibly introduced his mistress to Ney, Junot, and two other generals as well as he can the rising sun of Austerlitz. The little things between the battles are there—the gossip in quarters, the horses, the feel of life. "Find every officer you ever knew in Marbot, and a lot of your Marines!" said the Major who introduced Major Thomason to the book. And that is precisely true. Marbot was a Colonel of Chasseurs, not a psychological novelist. But he drew what was in front of his eyes and his people live on the page.

Most of all—and that is as it should be in memoirs—the man himself lives, snub-nosed, round-faced, light, and active; gay, honest, and full of sense, with his enchanting moments of gasconade. He likes his rewards when he gets them, and works hard for them; when he doesn't get them, he grumbles very frankly and goes on. The Emperor and his eagles dominated Europe for those sixteen years—one reason was the young men like Marbot who served them both. He is ready to stand up to anybody—he enjoys command and good horseflesh and gay uniforms, but there isn't a trace of the politician in him and he has a schoolboy's rapier judgment of pompousness and affectation. It has been the fashion, recently, to paint the regular soldier, the man whose profession is arms, as invariably an insensitive and hardmouthed brute. Well, you will find a brute or two in these memoirs—but you will not find one in Marbot. "He loved France and the Army and all his record is honorable," says Major Thomason, at the conclusion of these pages. I cannot add to that epitaph and I am sure that General Marbot would be pleased with it—though I can see him adding a very small footnote about the time he swam the Danube.

To get the memoirs within the compass of one volume, Major Thomason has had both to omit and to condense—a task he has performed with great skill. The cream of Marbot is here—and one could not ask for better. And the illustrations are part of the text and live with it. Having once got what you want, you are greedy, I suppose. But I remember the big picture-book Major Thomason speaks of—the one of Napoleon and his Marshals. I wish he would do another one, with his own text, on the lines of his present admirable "Foreword." Or a Napoleon, for that matter. Or almost any book, as long as he keeps on drawing and writing.

"ONE OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE"
Napoleon decorates Marbot—a drawing by Major Thomason.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Appointment in Park Avenue

BUTTERFIELD 8. By John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

JOHN O'HARA has done it again. His new novel is as slick, as tough, as readable as "Appointment in Samarra"—and that means you can't put it down. Of course there'll be some who can't keep it down.

Because he is laconic and factual, because he writes about people who have too much money and too much alcohol without moralizing about them, John O'Hara has been called a reporter. This would place him, according to the ranking system of our democracy, several degrees below the status of novelist. Now it happens that the story of "Butterfield 8" is similar, in outline and in some detail, to a story which ran in the metropolitan press a few years ago; a story which held the front page for several weeks; a story on which half the reporters in New York got a chance to try their skill. Well, John O'Hara makes all those reporters look like candidates for the *Harvard Crimson*. If he's a reporter, some city editor should offer him a by-line and twenty cents a word.

The newspaper story concerned a young woman who was found drowned, supposedly murdered, on a beach near New York. Like so many newspaper stories, it began at the end. It proceeded backwards without regard to continuity. Occasionally a fact would come out: the victim had been a party girl; she had been to a good school; she had, according to certain testimony, been subjected to precocious sexual experience. But as the weeks went by, these items remained isolated. The story went off into a fog, and even the tabloids eventually dropped it.

The data mentioned in the preceding paragraph are all characteristic of Gloria Wandrous, the heroine—for want of a better word—of "Butterfield 8." But John O'Hara tells it straight, with the logic of cause and effect, with characters so well drawn that they explain themselves, with a background of speakeasy New York and country club Long Island unrivalled for accuracy. It is not a pretty story; it may not be literature, lying as it does somewhere between Dostoievsky and Tiffany Thayer. But it is certainly not journalism. Not only is it better than journalism—it is different. In the opinion of this reviewer, and contrary to an opinion previously expressed in this magazine, John O'Hara is a satirist. One sentence will prove it—from a speakeasy scene:

> Kitty Meredith, the movie actress, came in with her adopted son, four years old, and everybody said how cute he was, what poise, as he took a sip of her drink.

The whole book is written like that. It doesn't parade itself as satire, but it's satire just the same. The speakeasy customers who came from the Butterfield 8 telephone exchange—the Park Avenue region in the 70s and 80s—give Mr. O'Hara a pain. And he knows exactly how they behave in all the typical circumstances of their lives.

So John O'Hara, whose first novel ran away with the carriage trade last year, has done it again. But that's not a hundred per cent compliment. "Butterfield 8" is too much like "Appointment in Samarra." Gloria Wandrous in the new novel is the female counterpart of Julian English in the first novel. Both of them, following their early experiences, become more or less pathological narcissists; both of them are left with a deep conflict which makes them run away from Damascus only to find death waiting at Samarra. And the other characters all come from the same background; rich drunks are very much alike whether they live in Pottsville or New York. "Butterfield 8" is as readable as "Appointment in Samarra" but not quite as good. Gloria Wandrous is harder to handle than Julian English. And the book is more diffuse. There are two unnecessary characters; and there are a few pages of irrelevant reflections—one paragraph of which concerns Shakespeare—which shouldn't have got beyond the galley proofs. Mr. O'Hara is not an essayist. But he is a novelist. And it would be interesting to see what kind of novel he would write if he happened to meet some attractive people.

Family Cycle

HANDS. By Charles G. Norris. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

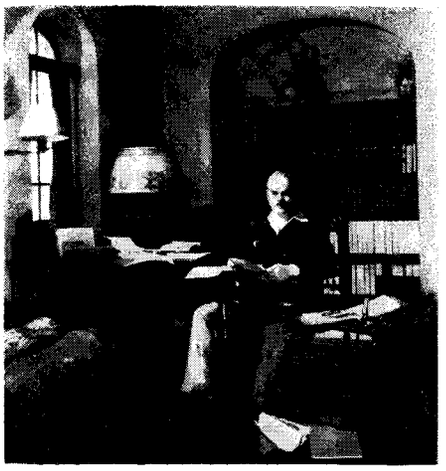
Reviewed by MAX MILLER

FROM shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves within the customary number of generations is the theme of Charles Norris's new novel. Within this broad scaffolding Mr. Norris constructs brick by brick, soul by soul, the affairs of a family which in 1880 started as carpenters and by 1935 had swung full circle through a grandson back to the same occupation.

The novel is divided into three books, the first being by far the most robust. This first portion recites the home life of Michael Baker who with his hammer pounds out a living in San Francisco for what may be regarded as a typical working man's family of his day. Michael likes his work, he glories in it.

> There was nothing like a good day's work, thought the carpenter. All these people labored all day and earned pay for it. If a man knew a trade, he had nothing to fear. A thief could steal every cent of his savings. What of it? He could begin to save again.

Yet such a sweet thought was only in the beginning, for life plays havoc with Michael. Marriage and love fail him; he seeks a way out of the morass of living through religion while his family reaps



CHARLES G. NORRIS
In his study at Saratoga, California

the benefit of the cynical doctrine his old employer has taught him: "Believe in God and it's money in your pocket."

The second book opens with the return of his son Martin, from the Klondike, with a small poke. As the tale proceeds, he grows immensely rich, and becomes a power in San Francisco. The novel is now in the second generation, the generation of limousines, servants, and plans for a yacht. The eldest son of Martin and Mary is Miles, licked from the start by having too much money and the ability to procure everything he wants. This second book in the novel is astonishingly mindful of the author's previous "Pig Iron."

The novel next turns into a triple-play, with the ball of life being passed from Michael to Martin to Miles (the Ms having it). And the third book, the one concerned with Miles, is similar in subject-matter to a Sunday society section, and is somewhat boring for this reason. However the stock-market descent conveniently furnishes the climax. Martin shoots himself, and Miles is out looking for a job, any job.

He reverts to the use of his own hands again, giving the book its title, and ending on a note that the future will now be happy. But a reader suspects that it merely will start the old cycle working again.

The novel when viewed as a tableau of the era between 1880 and 1935 is all that could be asked. Mr. Norris is at home in the San Francisco of forty years ago as well as today, and his scenes are splendid with accuracy. Everything of national importance during this stretch is crowded into his canvas, inclusive of the San Francisco fire. But as for proving anything new, or as for pointing towards any solution, a reader will have to make his own guess at the finish. Mr. Norris's skill as a writer can make hackneyed circumstances seem fresh; yet the first book of his novel is likely to remain registered in one's mind long after the subsequent two.

Max Miller, a California newspaper man, is the author of several books, including "I Cover the Waterfront" and "The Great Trek."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Happy Returns

J. C. writes from Binghamton to remind me that the Green has often suggested Coleridge's birthday (Oct. 21) as a date to be observed. Suggestions for those disposed to any private meditations on S. T. C.:—the gorgeously humorous anecdote of Coleridge's father told by De Quincey in *Reminiscences of the Lake Poets.* The superb essay by Hazlitt, *My First Acquaintance with Poets;* describing how young Hazlitt (then aged 19) rose before daylight and walked ten miles in January mud to hear Coleridge preach. Also how he walked with Coleridge on the road toward Shrewsbury, and imagined that the pinewoods leaned over to listen to Coleridge as he trudged and talked. Later Hazlitt went over to Nether Stowey to visit, and Coleridge took him to Alfoxton where Wordsworth was living.—But I shall not recapitulate Hazlitt's account; not to have read it in youth, or reread it in caducity, is to have missed one of the purest pleasures.—Alfoxton is now a hotel; I like to wonder whether the visitor there can identify the "old room with blue hangings" where Hazlitt slept and heard the stags at dawn in the adjoining park. I should like to know exactly what it is that stags do; they "bell," don't they? —On a long day's tramp with Coleridge they passed through Dunster, "as pure and ideal," H. says, as any landscape in paintings. Here, in honor of their expedition, is a photo of thatched cottages in Dunster and I dare say the actual road they hiked. That same road had taken them through Watchet, the port from which the Ancient Mariner sailed.

And—speaking of roads—our secret celebration of Coleridge's birthday might well include some reading in Professor Lowes's *The Road to Xanadu.* Perhaps the formula for Ginger Beer which Professor Lowes found in Coleridge's notebook (*R. to X.* p. 22) deserves some share in the proceedings. This remarkable book (I have often intended to say) need not be considered merely as a study of Coleridge; it is of even larger interest than that; by observing the behavior of S. T. C's mind one learns more of one's own; and it is a grand essay in defence of desultory and unsystematic reading. If you like your reading to be timely, you can recall that Kubla Khan is a kind of vision of Abyssinia; the cry "Beware, Beware!" might well have been heard by Mussolini—who will surely need the thick pants mentioned in the poem. You'll be interested to look up (p. 404) Profesor Lowes' account of his own dream of Xanadu; and how also a day-dream was cut off by the telephone; which plays in our time the role of the Person from Porlock.

"Eager and divinely gifted spirit with piteously trailing wings," is Lowes' conclusion about S. T. C.—"the Artificer, for a few bright moments, of shapes touched with something as near magic as we mortals reach." As I went outdoors just now to look at the night I saw that the moon was full and clean; the same moon, I was pleased to think, that S. T. C. had seen over the Quantock Hills; the same light that glittered so strangely in the tearful eyes of baby Hartley. It was so bright that it even cast a shadow on the sun-dial—telling clear meridian by some quite alien reckoning. Was that not exactly Coleridge himself, I wondered: reckoning hours by moonlight on a dial marked for sun.

If one were thinking of reading something by S. T. C. himself, why not chapter 21 of the *Biographia Literaria,* "On the Present Mode of Conducting Critical Journals." In that brief chapter one finds the seminal and final passage on the ethics of literary criticism. The preface by Arthur Symons in the Everyman edition of the B. L. always pleases me. "The greatest book of criticism in English," he says, "and one of the most annoying books in any language."

It is interesting to note that the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore has recently celebrated its 50th anniversary by publishing a bibliography of Coleridge, compiled by Virginia W. Kennedy and Mary N. Barton. It is exceptionally useful in its list of allusions to Coleridge by his contemporaries.

Coleridge naturally leads us to his great friend Elia. The Yale University Press is about to issue (in 3 volumes) the long awaited complete collection of "The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas. This has been a lifetime study of the man destined to the task by every vocative of profession and temperament. No list of this autumn's reasons for gratitude can stand without mention of this great achievement. To Mr. Lucas more than to any other we can address Harry B. Smith's pun, "Did he who made Charles Lamb make thee?"

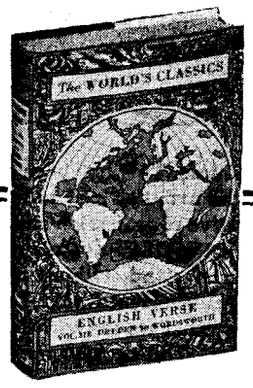
I am interested by a notice which accompanies these three fine volumes. *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb,* it says, "is the 23rd work published by the Yale University Press on the Philip Hamilton McMillan Memorial Publication Fund. This Foundation was established December 12, 1922, by a gift to Yale University by Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson McMillan of Detroit to be devoted to the establishment of a memorial in honor of her husband." (Mr. McMillan was of the class of '94 at Yale.)

What more living memorial can there be than an endowment of that sort, making possible the publication of notable books which would be difficult or impossible in merely commercial channels. How much more fruitful than the storied urn and animated bust.

And another easy transition is to a book whose announcement much excites me. The University of California Press wrote they were sending me a copy of *The Great Tom Fuller* by Dean B. Lyman (the title is a quotation from Pepys). By some mistake they sent me instead a book on Dancing; which has very charming pictures, but it's not Thomas Fuller. You remember probably that both Coleridge and Lamb were zealots of old Fuller; this Green, in years past, has sufficiently belabored its enduring clients with advertisement for that

THE ROAD TO XANADU
Dunster, Somerset, where Hazlitt walked with S. T. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE
WORLD'S
CLASSICS

More than 400 titles of the best works in English. Pocket size, clear type, on excellent paper, fine binding. Only 80c each.

Just Published:

SELECTED SHELBURNE ESSAYS *By Paul Elmer More*
Mr. More's own selection now available with a new introductory essay. 80c

THE STRICKEN DEER
Or The Life of Cowper
By Lord David Cecil
This unusual book has won both the James Tait Black and the Hawthornden Prizes. 80c

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER
By Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton
All the typographical charm of the edition of 1676. Title page facsimiles and ten woodcuts. Introduction by John Buchan. 80c

BEAUTIFUL END
By Constance Holme
"Indubitably the most important living woman writer of prose fiction."—*Birmingham Post.* 80c

IVAN ILYCH AND HADJI MURAD
By Leo Tolstoy 80c

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York
Write for complete list of over 400 titles.

Intimate Contact with 35 World Figures

"Celebrities OFF PARADE"

By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

$2.75

Format designed by the author. 35 portrait etchings by Dwight C. Sturges.

At your book seller.

WILLETT, CLARK & CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

BOOKSELLERS: THE SILVER SALVER SELLS BOOKS AS WELL AS THE SRL. IT COSTS ONLY 75 CENTS, POSTPAID. ORDER FROM BOOKSTORE DEPT., THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 W. 45TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

buxom cleric. The 1641 copy of *The Holy State* which I once got (and very cheap too) from Edgar H. Wells remains one of the best books I ever expect to own. I don't suppose any newspaper was ever so astonished as the New York *Evening Post* (some years ago) when it found its editorial columnist reprinting large blocks of Fuller, such as his chapter *Of Phancie.*

So naturally I look forward to seeing Dean Lyman's book. The University of California Press says of it:—

> The only readable biography of this amiable, famous, but now too much forgotten man, and the only one published in more than fifty years. It rescues him from the danger of being considered a quaint old buffer whom one should, but won't, get around to scraping an acquaintance with; it makes of him a comprehensible human being and invites the reader to a closer acquaintance with his own peculiar and renowned works—volumes of good talk, among them *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (written when the Royal cause was sinking), *Good Thoughts in Worse Times* (written when it was sunk), and *Mixt Contemplations in Better Times* (written when it was rising again).

They add that the price is $2.25 ($2.40 postpaid) and it sounds to me like something for the Christmas List.

I've noticed a number of commentators expressing astonishment because a play called *Squaring the Circle,* from the Russian of Valentine Kataev, is so amusing. "It is possible to learn from it," says Mr. Percy Hammond, "the surprising news that Russian communism has a sense of humor." Evidently our drama critics did not notice an extraordinarily entertaining novel by Kataev called *The Embezzlers,* published here in 1929. If I remember correctly it was chosen as a Book of the Month; it appeared exactly at the moment of the grand Wall Street crash, so I suppose people were thinking of other things. I still recall it as exquisitely humorous. And if anyone doubts the Russian sense of double-edged comedy, try a book called *Romanoff* (by Leonid Soboleff) published here this fall.

Psychologist of New England

(Continued from page 4)

the old, quick flash of silent humor in his eyes and he said merely: "Perhaps they were right."

It may be surmised that the shadow of coming illness prophetically darkened this poem; but the recent rereading of the three hundred letters of which mention has been made, gave a strong impression that E. A. had put so much of his vital force into the composition of "Tristram," had worked on it and lived in it with such utter concentration, that his health never again was what it had been; and instead of saying that coming illness darkened "King Jasper" it would be equally possible to suggest that the intensity with which he had lived in this final work had killed him. There is reason to believe that this theory would have been accepted by Robinson himself and it certainly was in his mind before he died.

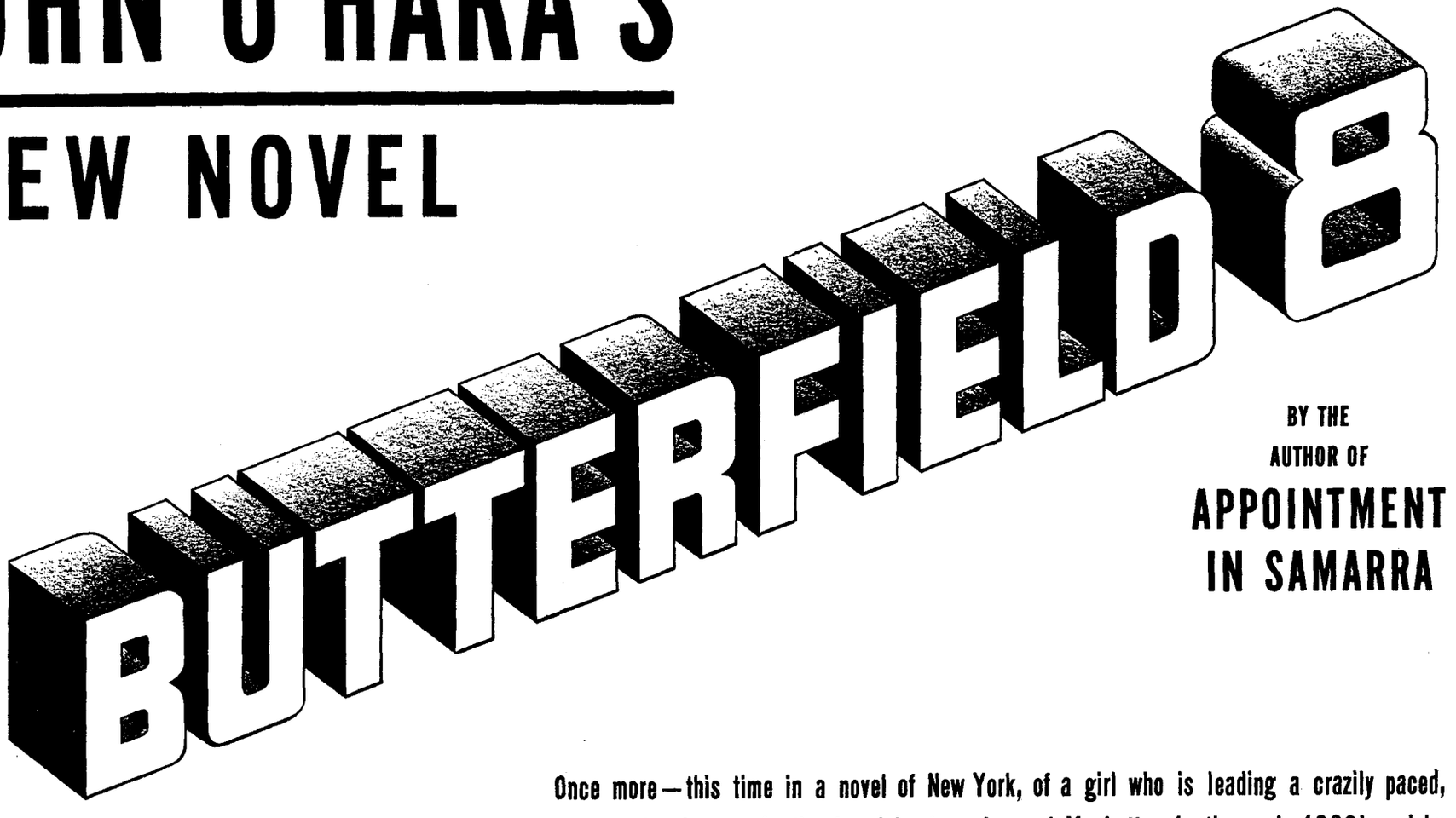
In discussing the earlier Tilbury Town poems some critic has described Mr. Robinson not inaptly as a psychological Crabbe, and when later the scene moved into the larger worlds of Boston and New York and Camelot the author's interest remained the same, primarily psychological, just as his characters remained if not New Englanders all, at least Anglo-Saxons of a thoroughly contemporary variety. His reading was world-wide, or, to be quite accurate, occident-wide from Father Hesiod to Sax Rohmer, but as a creative artist he concentrated the blaze of his insight on the fundamentals of human nature which vary comparatively little with time and place, and cared hardly at all for those accidental and ephemeral aspects of humanity that are dear to writers who reconstruct the past. It is mainly the overtones of names, the accretions of romance that come to legendary people, that give the denizens of Robinson's Camelot a larger spiritual significance than the citizens of Tilbury, and Gawaine would not have felt himself a stranger at Calverley's. Mr. Robinson went once to England and liked it, but apparently he cared not at all to visit the Continent where people have a psychology different from that of the tradition in which he was nurtured; and most of the characters he portrayed are of English stock. He was Anglo-Saxon through and through, and he was not particularly interested to investigate what was beyond his own sphere of competent understanding. In qualification of this it may be said that he enjoyed keenly the reading of frivolous French farces passed on to him by that mirror of old Boston, the late Thomas Sergeant Perry; but what a man likes to read may be one thing and what he writes quite another. His genius was essentially dramatic and he admired —perhaps with a little wistful jealousy— quickness of repartee, scintillant conversation; but his liking for French farces is mentioned, with certain other of his traits, chiefly to show that E. A. was not the austere recluse that some would make him out to have been.

In externals Mr. Robinson was a reticent New England gentleman, retiring, cultivated, loyal. He had a delightful sense of humor, quick and silent, which betrayed itself in the turn of a word or an appreciative look, but never in laughter. He was consistently kindly in his judgments of all men, and although he cursed Fate occasionally for some physical ailment or that insomnia which he himself provoked with no exercise and much coffee, he seldom expressed grievances against people with more than a look of mild deprecation. He enjoyed the theatre and could sit through any play just as he could read any book; but music was the only other art that seemed to hold him. He loved Gilbert and Sullivan, Scotch

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN O'HARA'S

NEW NOVEL



BY THE
AUTHOR OF
APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

Once more—this time in a novel of New York, of a girl who is leading a crazily paced, un-normal existence in the feverish atmosphere of Manhattan in the early 1930's—John O'Hara has told a story that registers with terrific force. And once again this able, hard-hitting, truth-telling writer exposes strange patterns in the behavior of everyday Americans.

$2.50 everywhere

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ballads, and a good many of the grand operas, especially those of Wagner, which he would hear from an inconspicuous position at the back of Mrs. Harriman's box. In his youth he had played the clarinet and he was inordinately proud of a melody composed long ago and finally published since his death.

There were years when he spent the greater part of each October with friends in the country and carved Hallowe'en pumpkins for the children; and there were winters during which he dined in town with these same friends about once a week. In those autumns in the country he spent the greater part of each day reading or working; but when the tea things came in he would bring his special chair to the fire and rock and talk until the sun had set behind dark hills and then, without having learned anything by experience, he would try once again to persuade a skeptical dog who knew him far too well, that there was a real walk in prospect instead of a brief stroll. In the evenings there would be reading aloud, and if some whole book were not being read consecutively, night after night, he would be apt to ask for a Kipling short story or something out of Dickens. Poetry he would not hear except once a year when he brought his summer's work and asked to have it read aloud to him at sight from the typewritten copy. These occasions were something of an ordeal, for the chief object of them was to find out how much of what he had written would have instant comprehension; and the comprehension of E. A.'s poems at sight was not helped by his eye on the reader or by occasional interruptions such as: "Did the stenographer leave out the comma? I didn't hear it." After the reading he usually presented the original manuscript which had been brought along for the purpose.

When assurance of success had come to him much of his early shyness vanished, and although during the later years fame brought many demands on his time and strength he was happy through the long summers at Peterboro and the winters passed with Mr. and Mrs. James Earle Fraser—a couple as delightful as they are distinguished, in whose New York house with its atmosphere of friendliness and creative work, he made his home.

His friends were many and varied; but he kept most of them in separate compartments and on the rare occasions when he tried to bring two of them together and found the mixture poisonous, he suffered. In fact he was always suffering about something as any abnormally sensitive person must be, but through it all he remained one of the most winning and whimsical and patient and kindly of gentlemen, as well as a man of extraordinarily trenchant intellect. Only those who experienced his kindness will know how much he did in quiet ways to make life easier for them, and the number of those whom he helped with words and deeds is beyond counting.

It seems futile to try to write of E. A., for only a conscious work of art such as those which he himself created could make the man live again as he was known. Memory goes back over long years of friendship to one who kept the esteem and devotion and loyalty of all men and women whom he honored in his unclouded sincerity with the name of friend, but the subtle emanations of his personality are hard to recapture and to put into words. What his place may be in English literature the years will tell; what he meant to his intimates is difficult to express; but what he was in himself is the thing that counts, and it was his understanding kindliness combined with his steadfastness and his unfailing consecration to his work that made him an impersonal force of power and inspiration to thousands who did not know him, as well as a man very dear to those who did.

Louis V. Ledoux is a literary executor of Edwin Arlington Robinson, and was one of his closest friends.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 81)

MATTHEW ARNOLD—"MORALITY"

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

"The legitimate successor to Ring Lardner."
—VANITY FAIR

Damon Runyon
whose NEW BOOK is
MONEY FROM HOME

Here is a man and a book you can't pin down. He knows the American people and their language. He can pack more entertainment into a story than almost any other writer. When last heard from they were saying in—

CHICAGO: "The gents who teach English at our higher institutions of learning will not realize until about 1950 that Damon Runyon is more important to American literature than, let us say, Thornton Wilder."—Sterling North in Chicago News

NEW YORK: "Damon Runyon is supreme in orchestrating the idiom of the man in the street. One need only read a Runyon story and then go to that restaurant which he calls Mindy's for confirmation. The ear of Mr. Runyon has not missed a beat or a single note."—Heywood Broun

WASHINGTON, D. C.: "Critics are trying to decide whether Runyon gets the cape of O. Henry or the halo of Ring Lardner. It doesn't much matter—we like him for himself alone."—Washington Post

SAN FRANCISCO: "If you know a man—not a literary man—but just any man to whom you want to give a book that will amuse and entertain him thoroughly, try Runyon on him. Your chances are 99 out of 100 that he will thank you—and mean it!"—Joseph Henry Jackson in San Francisco Chronicle

BOSTON: "Runyon writes about race track touts, chorus girls, beer barons and minor lights about Broadway. He knows them, he knows their slang, their ambitions and what they think. That's what puts the salt and pepper in his book."—Boston Transcript

At Bookstores Everywhere, $2.00

STOKES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An immortal book... It will be read until the last syllable of recorded time"
—*Vincent Sheean*

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM
T. E. LAWRENCE's "masterpiece of life that transcends literature... most thrilling single human adventure of our generation."—*Chicago Tribune.* Complete and unexpurgated. 672 pp. 48 full-page illus. $5.

BLOOD RELATIONS
"PHILIP GIBBS' most earnest and effective work of fiction."—William Soskin. $2.50

IF MEMORY SERVES
Delightful, witty reminiscences of the great French actor-manager, SACHA GUITRY. $3.

THE GREAT TREK
"MAX MILLER has told stirringly what must for centuries be one of the great sagas of the North," Lewis Gannett, *Herald Tribune.* $2.50

•

Just Published

TONGUES OF THE MONTE
The whole bright-colored romance of northern Mexico, by J. FRANK DOBIE, author of *Coronado's Children.* $3.00

FATE CRIES OUT
Nine Tales—by CLEMENCE DANE, author of *Legend* (just republished) and *Broome Stages.* $2.50

THE FAIR DEVIL
An hilarious combination of mirth and murder, by EDWIN GREENWOOD, author of *The Deadly Dowager.* $2.00

KAY THE LEFT-HANDED
LESLIE BARRINGER's lusty rich, episodic novel of the England of Richard the Lion-Hearted. $2.50

Sinclair LEWIS

—writes a challenging novel of our times and the years to come, the furious and inspiring story of Doremus Jessup, American.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

Published Monday
464 Pages—$2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recent Scientific Thought

SCIENCE AND THE HUMAN TEMPERAMENT. By Erwin Schrödinger. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MILLS

IN reviewing a serious book one answers the same three questions as he would in reading it in manuscript for a publisher. Is the scholarship of the author sufficient for his task? In the present instance the answer is categorical: it is unnecessary to gild any winner of the Nobel Prize in physics. Is the manuscript well conceived and adequately executed? It is, but more as to that later. Then the publisher's momentous question: In what market will it sell? And the consumer's equivalent: Is it a book I must read? or will it be sufficient to have seen a review? and perhaps to remember that the book is a collection of eight essays of various dates devoted to the epistemological problems of modern physics.

Read on quickly, however, because that description although true would appear to narrow its audience to physicists and philosophers. As a matter of fact the book should find most readers among those broadly interested in human affairs. They will welcome recognition by an authoritative scientist of the fact that science does have its fashions and enthusiasms, that it accords with the temper of its age, and that it illustrates the same trends as dominate our arts and politics, our industrial and social institutions. An admirable admission, and well expounded, in a day when devotees sometimes claim too much! The idea of relativity, scepticism as to tradition and authority, the statistical method, the view that the very regularities in natural events are not governed by causality but are statistically regulated phenomena: these are ideas of modern science but they betoken the spirit of the times. And conversely the methods of physical science have applicability to the problems of human aggregates as well as of atomic. The essays on "Science, Art and Play," on "The Law of Chance," and on "Indeterminism," and particularly the two on the relation of science to its age are to be recommended to sociologists and economists, to radicals or reactionaries, and to all who agree with Schrödinger in the importance of establishing "the necessary order and lawfulness in the human community, with the least possible interference in the private affairs of the individual."

On the scientific side these lucid essays, in the engaging style of Mr. Murphy's translation, should appeal as widely as the recent expositions of Jeans and Eddington. Their author was responsible for the clarifying concept of "wave mechanics," a necessary and contrasting aspect of the particles which are the elements of our universe. There are two unreconciled ways of describing the same physical facts; the older, valid in mechanical phenomena on a large scale, and the newer, necessary in dealing with the tiny system of the atom. The older requires a conceptual model; the newer is a purely mathematical formulation. The last essay of the book, his Nobel address of 1933, discusses the antithesis, lays the basis for his wave mechanics, and arrives at the conclusion:

> We can never say what really *is* or what really *happens* but only what is *observable* . . . In principle the ultimate aim of exact science must be restricted to what is observable . . . The question is only whether we must henceforth forego connecting the description with a definite hypothesis as to the real structure of our Universe. Today there is a widespread tendency to insist on this renunciation. But I think this is taking the matter somewhat too lightly.

There can be no adverse criticism of this book but there may be a legitimate regret at its dual purpose. A collection of essays dating from 1922 to 1933, and originally addressed to different audiences and for specific occasions, it forms an excellent exposition of Schrödinger's point of view and a picture of the recent evolution of scientific thought. For the general "intelligent" reader, to whom its publishers direct it, its important ideas could have done with more supplementary and introductory material to have brought the reader to a parity with the original audiences in underlying concepts. A very helpful book might have been made more helpful if its material had been torn from its historical setting and recast.

John Mills is an engineer and author. Among his books are "Within the Atom" and "Realities of Modern Science."

Malcontents

POWERS THAT BE. By Alexander Cannon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE modicum of interest in flabby, credulous, transcendental books, is in how they come to be written, and if written read, and if read, credited. There are minds completely dissatisfied with the factual arrangements of our imperfect world, which proceed to amend it by placing their credence in another, fashioned more closely to the mind's desire. Their definition of fact would seem to be anything that one prefers to believe. "Powers That Be" exemplifies this—to normal minds—strange tendency; it exhibits also the hammer-and-tongs evangelical appeal to faith to help annihilate reality. The book begins: "I am a man acquainted with miracles. The unusual, the supernatural, the transcendal is not unusual with me."

The author's omnivorous appetite for and hardy digestion of miracles includes telepathy, Black Magic, the occult generally; removing curses, checking by will the action of poisons, astral projection, levitation, returning by hypnotic suggestion to pre-natal life and the planet Venus, Universal Mind, psychometry, the myth of death, and even such practical matters as spending lavishly in the faith that an eleventh-hour check will come and it does! It includes such facts (?) as that the reason why a crab can grow a claw, but a man cannot grow a leg, is that this regeneration is natural to the crabby mind but has been rejected by the human mind; that wearing rubber soles by cutting off "magnetic contact" causes nervous disease. Through it all runs a motley Oriental infusion with Yogi, Maya, Prama, Llamas, Nirvana, incarnations, rhythms, breathing exercises; and revelations from the Kum Bum Monastery at Amod in Thibet.

BORZOI BOOKS

Africa Dances

A BOOK ABOUT WEST AFRICAN NEGROES

By Geoffrey Gorer

CARL VAN VECHTEN says: "Anyone who reads the first page will read the whole book."

"One of the most singular journeys of modern times. . . . It throws a disconcerting shaft of light across a dark world, upon races whirling to the beating of tomtoms."
—*The London Telegraph.*

"There are no reservations in this astonishing book. Sex, religion, the Negro conception of life contrasted with the white man's, the place of fetish and magic, wrestling, dancing and marriage—all these are passed in review."
—*The London Observer.*

62 Illustrations • 5 Maps • $3.50

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughter Out of the Ground

A Novel in Cadence

by Robin Lampson

The Golden Days of '49 and the exploits of the Argonauts in California stirringly recreated in a narrative poem, historically authentic, that reads with the ease and rapidity of a fine novel. $2.50

•

Bay Window Ballads

by David McCord

Light verse that will bear reading and rereading—a feast of outrageous fun and shrewd nonsense. $2.50

A Coast-to-Coast Sensation

EUROPA

A novel by

Robert Briffault

NEW YORK: "Magnificently absorbing reading." *Times*

CHICAGO: "Amazing and brilliant." *Tribune*

LOS ANGELES: "No civilized man can afford to miss 'Europa.'" *Times*

Seventh Large Printing $2.75

Adventures of Marbot

edited and illustrated by

Maj. John W. Thomason

The amazing adventures and daring exploits of an officer in Napoleon's cavalry, selected from his memoirs and splendidly illustrated by a famous delineator of soldier types. $3.00

•

We Who Are About to Die

by David Lamson

"Not only a social document of importance, but also an honest narrative which cannot fail to hold the interest." —*New York Times.* Second Printing. $2.50

Your Best Bet in Detective Stories

THE GARDEN MURDER CASE

THE NEW PHILO VANCE DETECTIVE STORY

by **S. S. VAN DINE**

author of "The Casino Murder Case," etc.

Death strikes twice in a circle of horse-racing devotees, and Philo Vance matches wits with the cleverest, most daring and ruthless killer in his career. $2.00

Vachel Lindsay

A Biography by

Edgar Lee Masters

"Will have to be read not only by admirers of Lindsay and of Masters but by every one who cares anything at all about the future of American culture and the plight of American literature"—*Hazelton Spencer in The Saturday Review of Literature. Illustrated.* $3.00

•

Annals of the Poets

by Chard Powers Smith

A gold-mine of interesting, amusing and fantastic anecdotes about poets, English and American. A book that you can dip into anywhere and enjoy. 523 pages. $3.00

By the author of "South Moon Under"

Golden Apples

The New Novel by

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

"A novel one can ENJOY . . . honest, tender and enlightening . . . a fine achievement in literature." *Percy Hutchison in The N. Y. Times*

Second Printing $2.50

Forsytes, Pendyces and Others

by John Galsworthy

Containing many hitherto unpublished short stories, a novelette, several unfinished plays and numerous essays, tributes, etc.—a book that every Galsworthian will want to own. $2.50

•

The Renewing Gospel

by Walter Russell Bowie

Rector of Grace Church, New York, and author of "On Being Alive," etc.

A constructive, helpful book for those who seek a way to solve the spiritual difficulties of a bewildered world. $2.00

at all bookstores • **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK** • *at all bookstores*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Belles Lettres

BROWNSTONE FRONTS AND SARATOGA TRUNKS. By Henry Collins Brown. Dutton. 1935. $3.75.

Mr. Brown, who some years ago revived the old "Valentine's Manual," has made himself semi-official historian of New York City. This latest book from his pen follows along the lines of the earlier ones presenting as did those a melange of fact, description, and gossipy anecdote, and recreating the city of the period from the Great Fire of 1835 to the end of the nineteenth century in its appearance, its customs, and its noted personalities. It is a pity that Mr. Brown's style lags so far behind his material in liveliness as to take the bloom off what he has to tell, for his subject matter is full of fascination. This New York which he depicts wears already the quaintness of a disappearing past, with its jangling horsecars and strident street cries, its brownstone fronts and residential Fifth Avenue. "Little old New York," not nearly as imposing, infinitely more leisurely than our city of the present, is excellent copy for a skilful writer and interesting material even for one not blest with grace of style.

A. L.

Biography

JOEL R. POINSETT, VERSATILE AMERICAN. By J. Fred Rippy. Duke University Press. 1935. $3.

The position of a staunch nationalist in the middle nineteenth century South was not an easy one to maintain against the growing spirit of sectionalism: that Joel Poinsett did maintain such a position with dignity and with the respect of his fellow South Carolinians is a tribute to the man's versatility and charm. Aside from his political views, however, the story of Poinsett's life holds an abundance of interest; widely traveled, he was a polished cosmopolitan, and widely read, he was an entertaining writer.

Professor Rippy by concentrating on his subject has succeeded in putting in a comparatively small volume the story of a life packed with movement and ideas. The writer's own gifts—a lucid style and a graceful scholarship—have combined to produce a volume that is eminently readable and at the same time authoritative.

Professor Rippy does not overindulge in analysis and speculation, choosing rather to let his subject's life explain his motives and acts. This leaves the reader with considerable margin for his own interpretations. Was Poinsett more pragmatic than logical in attempting to defend nationalism before the War between the States established the nation? In view of his ultimate stand that "if revolution comes ... I am ready to take my part and my stand among the sons of the South," was he not during the nullification quarrel disloyal to his own *patrie* in demanding federal aid against the nullifiers of his State? Was he aware that President Jackson was largely "using" him in attempting to dispose of the nullifiers by the civil power (Jackson himself being doubtful about the constitutionality of sending federal troops against a sovereign State)? How much of Poinsett's belligerency was traceable to a frustrated desire for military leadership—a tendency which got him into serious difficulties in South America? How did he reach the conclusion that the small South American countries were more entitled to separation and independence than the great homogeneous South? True, Poinsett thought that South Carolina would be acting alone without the support of the rest of the South, and that the obnoxious tariff would be gradually diminished; but if he lacked the prophetic vision of a Calhoun to see the fallacy of his premise, at least he was not actuated by any base motive of self-interest.

Those who still admire fine Americans and fine writing will be grateful to Professor Rippy for rescuing Joel Poinsett from obscurity and giving to his name a significance more substantial than that which has been commonly associated with the lovely flower he introduced from Mexico and which still bears his name—the poinsettia.

A. S.

Fiction

THE "JOHANNA MARIA." Translated from the Dutch of Arthur van Schendel by Brian W. Downs. Longmans, Green. 1935. $2.

The works of Arthur van Schendel, novelist, essayist, biographer, playwright, are too little known beyond the coasts of his native Netherlands. We touch the brim of our tarpaulin hat to Mr. Downs and his publishers for this sensitive translation of "The 'Johanna Maria'," Mijnheer van Schendel's unusual novel of the sea. The story of a crack Amsterdam clipper and her sailmaker, a ship and seaman who grow old together, it gladdened this reviewer's heart and will be hailed by all inveterate browsers along the literary waterfront as something new and a bit strange, a little Dutch masterpiece worthy of a snug berth on the salt-water bookshelf.

"The full-rigged three-master *Johanna Maria* was launched from the yard at Oostenburg in Amsterdam one day in February, 1865." Young Jacob Brouwer, master sailmaker, fell in love with her as she glided down the ways. He threw in his lot with hers forever, and in time his will to own her dominated every other purpose of his life. How Brouwer saw his mistress pass from owner to owner and flag to flag, how they fared under many captains, how he lost her in Libau and found her again in Iquique, following her star over every sea until at last, when ship and man are almost ready for the knocker, he comes to claim her as his own, is a saga of the glory and the passing of the sailing ship. We venture to say that its swift, sure run and subtle cadences will not soon be forgotten. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch contributes a well-written critical estimate as foreword to the edition.

W. D.

BLOOD RELATIONS. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

In his latest novel, Sir Philip Gibbs tells the story of an English girl who married a German nobleman just before the war, and went through the war years and the years following with her spirit torn between two loyalties. More important, he tells the story of the German husband, his experiences in the war, as officer and as prisoner, and his change of heart during

Modern Hoodooism and Folklore in Our Southern States

In this book Miss Hurston describes how she motored down South to visit her own people; how her friends helped her compile the scores of fascinating folk-tales, the sermons and original negro songs (with music) which make up the first part.

The second part deals with her adventures in search of Hoodoo wisdom, of her schooling as assistant to the greatest Hoodoo doctors in our South, and of the many miracles they (and she) were able to perform by Hoodoo cult methods. It is an astonishing revelation of the inner workings of the Negro mind, and of secret hexes and practices never before fully explained. With 10 illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias, $3.

MULES AND MEN

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

Published by LIPPINCOTT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the years that followed the peace. "Blood Relations" is a novel of action and movement rather than of profound sentiment: it is a well-told if two-dimensional story.

Perhaps it is just because the characters are more personifications than people that the novel is valuable as an interpretation of what has been going on in Germany for some time. Because Audrey is an English girl rather than a particular individual, because Paul is a young German rather than a personality, we are able to see in their careers an explanation of the fact that Hitler was implicit in the Treaty of Versailles.

Sir Philip's English are very, very English; and his Germans are determinedly German (though pretty poor Bavarians: Sir Philip should have located them elsewhere, with their Prussian sentiments). The contrast is violent, but not unjust. The mystical insistence on Destiny which is notable in many Germans, and the indifference to such matters on the part of the English, who have already pretty well fulfilled destiny; the refusal of Germans to look facts in the face, and their tendency to believe what they want to believe; the curious love of being commanded that many Germans have, and their confidence in those who command them—these characteristics, which are responsible for much that has happened in Germany, are well personified in the novel. Equally clear in the story is the fact that the treatment of Germany and Germans by the French and others is responsible for even more: that Versailles is Hitler written large. Yet "Blood Relations" is no tract: it is a well-turned story, exciting and fascinating quite aside from its implications.

S. N.

WHETHER THERE BE KNOWLEDGE. By Robert Henderson. Lippincott. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Henderson has put a familiar-looking boy on a familiar-looking campus and set him about solving the loves and ambitions of a lively if hazardous senior year at a Middle-Western university. The author knows what he is doing; he is a graduate of recent vintage himself, and is teaching at the University of Illinois. His book gives a very convincing picture of adolescence groping for the whys and wherefores. Donnie showing off to his girl, Donnie burning up over social injustices, Donnie "getting ants" over love and literature is an entirely believable and appealing fellow.

D. P.

THEY LIVED: A Brontë novel. By E. Thornton Cook. Scribners. 1935. $2.50.

The subtitle of this book, which is everywhere printed with the title, seems meant to suggest the single sentence, "They lived a Brontë novel." And no doubt it is true that, in the bleak circumstances and violent emotions of their lives, the Brontë sisters and their unhappy brother lived something like one of their own books; but Miss (or Mr.) Cook has not written a Brontë novel, nor anything suggesting one. She has given a "fictionized biography," faithful to the ascertained facts, but leaving out all the drama, apparently of set purpose.

Branwell Brontë's tragic story and Charlotte's stay in Brussels and possible

NOW IN ITS SIXTH LARGE PRINTING!

"A rich, provocative book"
—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

By Alexis Carrel

MAN, the UNKNOWN

"A remarkable book by one of the foremost living surgeons and biologists . . . a charming, provocative and stimulating account for the general reader."—*Professor Raymond Pearl in N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

MARK TWAIN'S NOTEBOOK

Arranged for publication by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. "His notebooks take their place among the richest and most readable biographical materials ever accumulated about an American man of letters. If reading Mark Twain's books is like hearing him talk, reading his diaries is like hearing him talk to himself."—*Carl Van Doren, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $4.00

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

By HESKETH PEARSON "A source of innocent merriment. An informed, appreciated and most diverting biography."—*Saturday Review.* "Sprightly and amusing."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illustrated. $3.00

CONTACTS

By CURTIS BROWN A noted author's representative writes intimately of the people he has known—Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, Gerald du Maurier, Wilson, Pershing, W. S. Gilbert and many others—in these revealing memoirs. $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love affair are passed over in the briefest, lightest manner possible; and there is no hint of the intense passions of "Wuthering Heights." What remains is a pleasant little story of literary success, in which the slashing reviews of the Bells' first books are held up rather for our amusement than for the pain they must have given the authors, in which the emphasis is all upon the emergence of the shy butterfly into the great world of letters, and in which even the grim childhood of the children is artificially given the charm of "Cranford." The book is written with grace and vivacity, which might have served the author well in a light novel of her own, if she had not tried to make Charlotte Brontë into Cinderella.

B. D.

MR. ARISTOTLE. By Ignazio Silone. McBride. 1935. $2.

Five stories by the author of "Fontamara" make up this volume, the second of Silone's to be published in English. Two of them, the title piece and the account of Letizia the professional weeper, are hardly more than grotesque and amusing character sketches. "The Trap" is a direct, dramatic tale of a group of exiles from Fascism who are menaced in their Swiss retreat by an agent of Mussolini. "Simplicio" is a bitter farce, magnificently told. Finally, "A Trip to Paris" gives us the experiences, real and imaginary, of an Abruzzi peasant in Rome. This young man is the best and most typical example of Silone's pessimistic but not humorless satire in the collection. He leaves his native Fontamara because he cannot stand an everlasting diet of sour cornmeal mush, only to find that life in the outside world is very largely made up of the same objectionable stuff,—at least for such underdogs as he.

All five stories exhibit the characteristics which "Fontamara" made familiar. They are strong, uncouth, humorous, and despairing. In spite of an uneven translation the great qualities which distinguished Silone's novel are continually

(*Continued on page* 28)

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS week I have before me "Annals of the Poets," by *Chard Powers Smith* (Scribner's). It is subtitled "Their Origins, Backgrounds, Private Lives, Habits of Composition, Characters, and Personal Peculiarities." The author of the former "Pattern and Variation in Poetry" has now turned from discussing poetry's theory and practice to an examination of the poets of the past themselves, both English and American. "What is this elusive creature [the poet]," he asks in his introduction, "What god or devil infects his nature that, loving mankind, he usually scorns society and endures its scorn, and will undergo obloquy, privation, disease, and death rather than close his eyes to that distant and clouded or immediate and elusive truth which he thinks may yet be seen?" Mr. Smith's inquiry is made by way of anecdotes arranged, not biographically or chronologically, but topically, so that in the five main parts we have "Origins," "The Poet and the People," "The Poet Around the House," "The Poet Against the World," "The Poet and Himself."

I should say that never has there been a more thorough anecdotal history compiled concerning the poets of the English language. Further references are noted to each section (for the book is of over five hundred pages), there is a three page bibliography list, an "Acknowledgment of Quotations," and an index of poets. The average reader will probably skip the earlier classifications to take the book up almost anywhere and read of Wordsworth and Annette Vallon, of Oscar Wilde laughing at his own jokes, of Keats writing fifty lines a day, of the timidity of Tennyson, of Byron keeping a tame bear at Cambridge, of Rossetti's hatred of the country, and so on and so forth. One section that particularly interested me, as one who has derived but a pittance, through many years, from the practice of verse, is headed "The Struggle for Existence." From this we glean that Milton was supported by his father until thirty-two, that Dryden inherited £60 a year (when money was worth fifteen times its value today), that Young, at forty, had a pension of £200 from George I, that Collins at twenty-eight inherited £2,000 from his uncle, that Wordsworth lived on a small patrimony and then invested a legacy at ten percent and lived on it, that Landor inherited a large fortune though he wasted most of it on real estate, that Byron could not live within his large inherited income, that Shelley, after intermittent allowances, came into a large inheritance on the death of his grandfather, that Keats, though he had to borrow from publishers, was not without money, that Tennyson inherited a small annuity, and later had a Government pension, that Browning inherited and preserved a comfortable fortune, and so on. This is, of course, the bright side of the ledger. But it goes to show that when we think of the proverbial poet starving in a garret, it simply hasn't been done by many of our best. One of Mr. Smith's conclusions from this is that "the ideal economic state for the poet is one of comfort, free from the financial worry of either great wealth or poverty." I see no reason to doubt this. There is a great deal more of classification and a wide sweep to this "Struggle for Existence" chapter, and it is only one of the considerations taken up in the book. There is a lot about the poets' domestic habits, about their excesses, love affairs, even about their insanity! You can find out almost anything about them, almost at a glance. For instance, the great poets who died before the age of thirty-one were Chatterton, Keats, Surrey, Marlowe, Beaumont, Emily Brontë, and Shelley. The story of the poet's struggle for integrity in the age of patronage is also absorbing. Necessarily, with so much in one volume, the lives of all the poets are in very condensed form, like concentrated beef cubes, but the principal facts about them are all here, the light and shade of their lives, their virtues and their failings.

I should say that Mr. Smith's work will be invaluable in the study for quick reference. It is a mine for the layman to delve in and thereby to form his own particular attachments or aversions among the poets. I have one extremely minor criticism. It disturbs me that Mr. Smith chooses to spell Trelawny's name "ney" whenever he refers to him. He should have corrected that in proof. But I can only thank him for many anecdotes of the poets that I have never before come across, though there are about as many with which I am already familiar. Anecdotal books make good reading, and here is, incidentally, a good anecdotal book.

I should before this have reviewed the "Invisible Landscapes" of *Edgar Lee Mas-*

The Rise and Fall of One of the Most Dynamic Characters in History

DANTON

Dictator of the French Revolution

By HERMANN WENDEL

A new picture of the French Revolution and the principal characters who took part in the drama of those years, all centering about the intense and vital figure of Danton, who shaped the Revolution and was destroyed by it. This is biography at its best, a work of great importance, the most complete psychological study of Danton that has ever been written. Illustrated. 356 pages. $3.75

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS *New Haven, Conn.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters (Macmillan). It is a considerable achievement to have written, therein, so profound a poem as "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra." It is a highly intellectual poem, but extraordinary both in conception and accomplishment. Mr. Masters is at his best, and his most natural, in such free verse. Sometimes though, when he writes in rhyme and metre, he gets badly off key. In "Sea Depths," for instance, while there are some stanzas most interesting for their knowledge of what "the still unfathomed caves of ocean bear," there are also such egregious ones as:

The whole shore is a lunch-counter
Where first the strong are served.
The whelk devours the eyeless worm,
Which fattens on the ocean sperm;
The rock cod is a forager
In the whelk's shell deep and curved.

It takes ten pounds of whelk to make
A single pound of cod.
Ten pounds of cod but make a pound
Of human flesh, by nature clowned;
It takes the human race to slake
The hungry love of God.

It is incredible that a poet of Mr. Masters's stature could allow such doggerel as that in one of his volumes! What he has to say is true enough. But it is certainly not poetry.

I have mentioned what I think the best and what I think the worst in this book. But taking the book as a whole the balance certainly dips on the side of interesting utterance concerning nature, and significant verse. In other respects, though I have considerable doubts about Mr. Masters's poetic taste, I have none concerning his sincerity or his earnestness in the search for truth. In that search he is conditioned by his own heredity, environment, and experience of life, as are we all. But the facts he gives you, and the conclusions, are always worth listening to. Where he fails as a poet, when he fails, is in a certain stale cast to his phrasing and a cacophony of which he seems unaware. But take him at his most controversial, in "I Smell the Blood of a Christian Man," and you must listen to him even if your own conclusions are otherwise. He has always shown power in controversy, and he has shown something that is better, a burning scorn for the paltriness of men's aims and actions, not at all unmixed with love for a land he knows, and a sense of the mystery of the earth and all that in it is, despite his vision of a Great Spider spinning betraying webs for all life. The hunting-dog who met death accusing none, he finds doing

No more than any human soul, lying enraged,
. . . . a soul entrapped and killed,
Hunting for truth and love, and fooled at last,
But still believing there is truth and love,
Yet stayed from saying there is no truth, no love,
Lest there be such; so stayed and to the last
Loyal to the soul's desire for truth,
And hazarding no denial lest the soul
Speak out a lie in its last desperate throes.

This is a poem which, in manner, some-

When in the dear, dead days beyond recall . . . .

DO you remember the old home town—in the days before the radio, the automobile — progress — had changed it? Do you remember the days when a boy took his girl buggy-riding on Sunday afternoons, and a girl made fudge or divinity when he called in the evening? The days when woman's place was in the home as a fish's place is in water and no lady "gadded the streets" of the business section? Do you remember yelling: "Twenty-three skidoo"; and following Buster Brown, Snookums and the Newly Weds in the funny papers? Didn't you sing that song, considered very risque:

"There'll be a hot-time! in the old town! Tonight! My ba-by"?

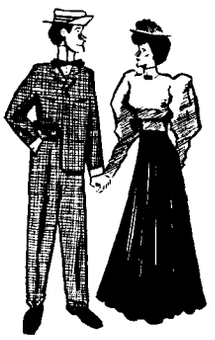
Do you remember the parties where you played Spin the Platter and ate oyster patties and drank coffee, made in the borrowed Ladies' Aid coffee-pot? And the sleigh rides, and the skating parties and the meals that were meals for "a man must have food that would stick to his ribs"?

ALL these things flash into memory when you read Rose Wilder Lane's OLD HOME TOWN. Two years ago Mrs. Lane wrote a novel about the Dakota pioneers. LET THE HURRICANE ROAR has been read by many thousands who found it a moving story of pioneer days. Today she has written OLD HOME TOWN in which she tells about Ernestine who grew up in a small American town in those *ancient days before the war.*

★

AND there are many other people in OLD HOME TOWN that all of us remember and even know today. There was poor Miss Sarah, an old maid

at twenty-three, who received comic Valentines, with their verses: "Red and yeller, red and yeller, ugly old maid, you can't ketch a feller." And Jay Willard, an old bachelor all of thirty years old who wore boiled shirts and stiff collars every day and drove such a wild team all the men said admiringly that he'd kill himself yet. And



Mrs. Bates who was an invalid. "Last year all the girls had been kind to her day after day, but this year nobody read the Elsie books." Then there was Ab Whitty, whose family were "Poor'n Job's Turkeys," but who made good and married the belle of the town. And Andy, the traveling man, who smoked fat gold-banded cigars, and Mrs. Sherwood who all her life wanted to travel and hadn't even gone to Niagara Falls on her honeymoon. All of us, who were once young, will understand the conflict between Ernestine and her mother on the subject of long skirts, leg-o'mutton and mousquetaire sleeves, and whether or not Elsie Miller, with her fast ways, was a good friend for Ernestine.

★

THE people of the old home town are brought to life with their laughter and their tears, their meanness and their kindness, their silly pride and their genuine feeling. For Mrs. Lane has that mature understanding that can point with sly humor at the core of weakness but never loses its capacity for love. The reading of her book will bring the delight of new discovery to those who never knew the old home town as it used to be; and it will be a feast of reminiscence for the many thousand who did.

Old Home Town

By ROSE WILDER LANE

Author of "Let The Hurricane Roar"

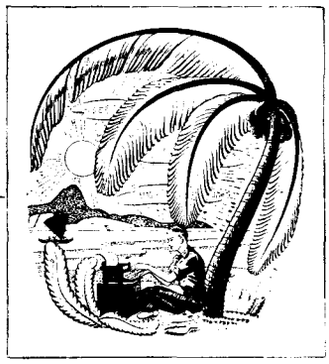
$2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 114 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.—TORONTO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what reminds us of Browning. Regardless of its expression, however, we admit the honesty of the statement.

Perhaps a time may be coming when human life, after God knows what agonies of social change, will be so organized on earth that we can find ramparts against disillusionment in great communal aims, aims more clear-sighted and more universal (and, above all, rational) than those we have suffered through and suffered for. Then, in a common enthusiasm for making the world a better place, the personal wounds we experience from destiny may, perhaps, seem of less importance. I cannot prophesy. I only know it would lift a shadow far worse than the universal shadow of death from the soul of Man.



Where Stories are Born—Ever The Richest Travel-Trove

From Mark Twain to Maugham, Gauguin to Glyn, stories, vivid and vital, have sprung up where the sun goes down . . .

CALIFORNIA Brilliant climax of the storied U. P. Trail—today's luxury-route over yesterday's horizon.

HAWAII America's true South Sea epic . . . rich source of pleasure-research for the modern argonaut!

UNION PACIFIC is the swift, direct and scenic route from Chicago and St. Louis to California . . . making convenient connections at Los Angeles and San Francisco for those who are continuing to Hawaii. Weather-perfect, because of air-conditioned trains—coaches, sleepers, diners, observation cars. Letter-perfect, because of multiplied comforts; Savarinesque chefs; adroit, unfailing service. ★ ★ A fascinating and feasible travelogue . . . which the exceptional facilities and extremely low fares of UNION PACIFIC have keyed to luxury, safety and economy.

UNION PACIFIC

Mail Coupon for Complete Information

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 261, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me full information about low fares, etc., to California and Hawaii.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ROUND-UP. By Ring Lardner. *Scribners.*

COLLECTED POEMS. E. A. Robinson. *Macmillan.*

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. C. Henshaw Ward. *Blue Ribbon Books.*

A Club Program on the Italian War

V. G. H. of Chicago, Ill., *who is one of a group of women interested in affairs of today, books, etc., wants programs suitable for use by her club.*

AS an earnest of good intentions, though I have not space here today for all three programs which V. H. G. desires, I'm suggesting one which ties up with the major event of the moment—the Italo-Ethiopian War. The newspapers, of course, have printed yards of material on the background and immediate preliminaries of the contest but perhaps because of the very mass of their detail arranging an orderly program may be difficult. An interesting discussion could, I think, be developed along lines which concentrated not only on the deplorable happenings of the hour, but which took count as well of what lies back of them. Indeed, it would prove enlightening to broaden the scope of the program so that it included as a sort of introduction to more specific analysis some review of the debate which has been going on for years on the subject of war and peace in general. Such books as Norman Angell's THE GREAT ILLUSION (Putnams), first issued before the World War and reissued with revisions and expansions last year, which makes forcefully and eloquently the economic argument against war; Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD (Morrow), which backs up Sir Norman's thesis of the futility of combat by its exposition of the ineffectiveness throughout the ages of armed conflict to settle anything, and Bertrand Russell's WHY MEN FIGHT (Appleton-Century), an examination into the motives and temper back of strife, make stimulating reading in themselves and cannot but prove floodlights to present events. As a more specific background to the Italo-Ethiopian War I think V. G. H.'s club would do well to read the little pamphlet put out by the League of Nations Association, entitled STUDY COURSE ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, THE WORLD COURT AND THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION, and then get down to the business in hand with the excellent analysis of Fascist Italy by H. Finer, just published under the title of MUSSOLINI'S ITALY (Holt), and with the small but informative RIVALRIES IN ETHIOPIA (World Peace Foundation), by Elizabeth MacCallum. With these two books to set forth what has gone before, the club can draw for its discussion on current foreign correspondence on the war. One more book I think it would be highly illuminating to read. This is a novel, and a novel not built about either of the warring countries, but paralleling in its chronicle so similar a situation as theirs as to make it of the greatest pertinence in the present crisis. That is R. J. Sender's recently published PRO PATRIA (Houghton Mifflin), which records the Spanish war on the Riffs of Morocco in such powerful and ghastly fashion as to sicken the hearts of all who

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SULLEN SKY MYSTERY *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Little English town, where murders bloom on every corner, invaded by Josh Clunk, criminal lawyer, a-glow with pious sentiments.	Brilliant dialogue, breathless action, grand characterizations, labyrinthine puzzle, amazing ending—that's all!	Superb
SIGN OF FEAR *August W. Derleth* (Loring and Mussey: $2.)	*Savant,* trailed to family homestead by murderous postcards and portents, calls in Judge Pike when cousin dies.	Fantastic murder-method, shivery atmosphere, almost too-erudite sleuthing, surprise solution.	Diverting
MURDER BY THE DOZEN *Assorted* (Dingwall-Rock: $2.50)	8 short stories, two factual bits, 2 novels: some by "names"—some not.	Short *hors d'oeuvres* are excellent; two main courses are tripe.	Medium
MURDER AT HIGH NOON *Paul McGuire* (Crime Club: $2.)	London financial writer found dead in haystack. Local police and Yard engage in deducing-match.	Overabundant financial trimmings slow up action of carefully wrought yarn with surprising conclusion.	Middlin'

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can see its likeness to the African struggle of today. This is war where climate takes a hand to add to the horrors of the guns.

Parliamentary Procedure

E. M. P. of New York City *is preparing a paper on parliamentary law for a woman's club and would like to know the most authoritative book on the subject.*

I'm not quite certain from reading E. M. P.'s letter whether she wishes the sort of book which would be used to govern the meetings of a club like her own or whether she wishes a work that goes into the intricacies of the procedure of political parliamentary bodies. If the former there is a book which is specially designed for the use of women's clubs, Edith T. Chafee's PARLIAMENTARY LAW (Crowell), which presents the rules of order and takes up various problems which are likely to arise. The standard works, of course, which have long held sway are Cushing's MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE (Winston), edited by A. S. Bolles, and Robert's RULES OF ORDER (Scott). One or the other of these has always appeared on the chairman's desk at all college and alumnae meetings which I have ever attended.

English Tales for Foreigners

J. A., of Chicago, Ill. *asks "for suggestions for a book to be used by a teacher of English for foreigners. The class (she says) is fairly advanced, able to use material which contains words equivalent to the eighth grade in the public schools. However, the instructor wants a book which is more adult in outlook and psychology than a regular school text. Instead of history he prefers a volume which contains short stories, essays, and similar material."*

I should say that May Lamberton Becker's series of GOLDEN TALES (Dodd, Mead) was clearly indicated. There's one for "OUR AMERICA," one for NEW ENGLAND, one for the OLD SOUTH, and one for the PRAIRIE STATES, and they are all collections of stories chosen to convey the spirit of the sections they depict. They seem to me ideal material to give to foreigners who through them can imbibe understanding of America along with entertainment, and who, since they are intended for young as well as older readers, will find them not too difficult for their as yet imperfect knowledge of the language.

Dictionary of Hieroglyphics

M. E. of Garden City, N. Y. *wants help in locating a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics. She has not been able to find any now in print.*

Since I myself am as ignorant as a babe in arms of this subject I wrote for information to Ashton Sanborn of the Boston Museum, knowing I could trust to his readiness to help as much as to his knowledge. Promptly in response to my inquiry came back his answer. The best dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics, he says, is that by Adolph Erman and Hermann Grapow, WÖRTERBUCH DER AEGYPTISCHEN SPRACHE (Leipzig: Hinrichs, 1925-35, vols. 1-6, pt. 1. Vol. 6 still incomplete. Probably will be completed with vol. 6.) This work is probably available, Mr. Sanborn says, at the New York Public Library, and certainly at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE in *The Saturday Review:* "Of the biography of the year, I liked Harold Stearns' 'The Street I Know' best."

The strange story of an exile —and his return . . .

He has seen the poets and philosophers come and go—

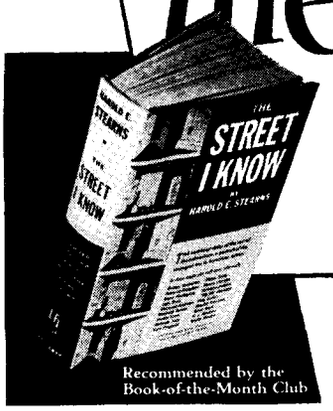
He has helped to make a famous literary era and has watched his generation lose its way in a bewildered world—

He has known attics in Paris and cellars in Greenwich Village, the gay and careless seacoast resorts of France, and the "Seacoast of Bohemia" in America—

He has burned the midnight oil and his candle at both ends—he has fought blindness and poverty—and found his way home again. He tells his story, frankly, unashamedly, and entertainingly, in

The Street I Know

The Autobiography of
HAROLD E. STEARNS



Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club

LEWIS MUMFORD says: "He symbolizes the bitter emptiness, the bewildered desperation of his generation ...No one has written more soberly about that drunken state of mind; no one has romanticised less about . . . the literary Bohemia."

$2.75 LEE FURMAN, PUBLISHER

BORZOI BOOKS

Jules Romains'

The World From Below

The fourth volume of MEN OF GOOD WILL, one of the great works of our generation, is now on sale. 583 pages

To understand and appreciate this "contemporary masterpiece," you should read each of the volumes in order of publication. If you lack any of them, your bookseller can offer you an attractive combination price. Ask him.

Volumes Now Published

MEN OF GOOD WILL — THE PROUD AND THE MEEK
PASSION'S PILGRIMS — THE WORLD FROM BELOW

Each $3.00 at bookstores everywhere

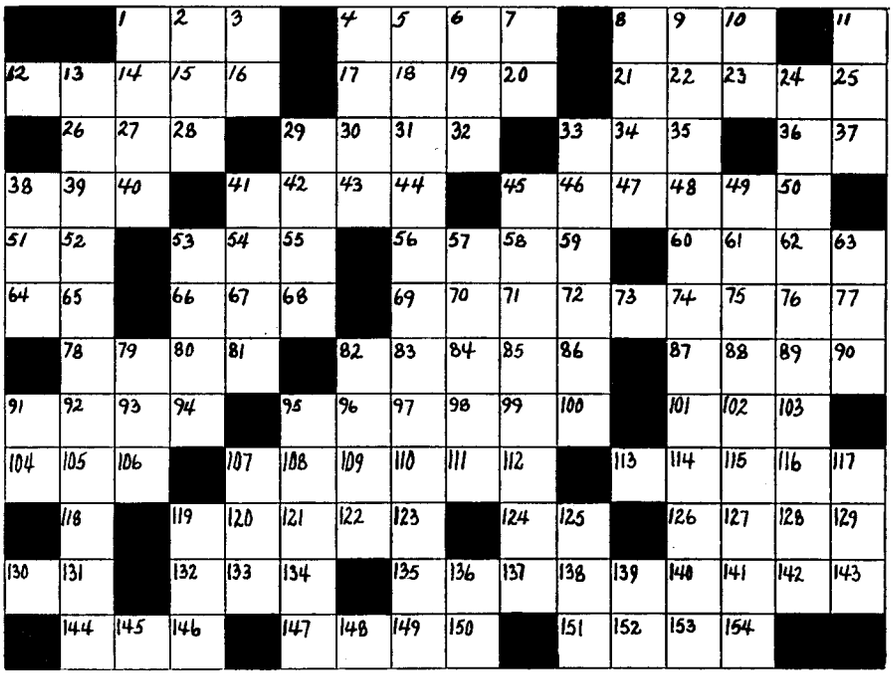
ALFRED · A · KNOPF

An interesting pamphlet by Jules Romains—"A Letter to My American Readers"—will be sent to you if you will clip this advertisement and send it with your name and address to Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 82

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Slightly stained.

II. American author (1836-1902).

III. Attack.

IV. Chinese dynasty.

V. Book by Joseph Conrad.

VI. A Mendelssohn Symphony.

VII. Mechanical contrivance.

VIII. To displease, transgress.

IX. Ahead.

X. Steering gear.

XI. A railroad in New York state.

XII. Cheese dish.

XIII. Handle.

XIV. Gape.

XV. Mutilate.

XVI. To enclose.

XVII. Stain.

XVIII. Aquatic mammal.

XIX. A state in Australia.

XX. Petty quarrel.

XXI. Large rope.

XXII. To be at fault.

XXIII. A plaited trimming.

XXIV. Carry to excess.

XXV. Recesses.

XXVI. Distributed profits.

WORDS

26 96 67 110 3 134

111 138 23 1 128

148 133 20 28 17

89 43 116 61 2 38

91 75 141 120 14

60 135 88 73 139 8 126 98

29 83 127 42 12 84 64

114 36 82 71 63 50

30 129 105 132 78 93

154 74 40 16 81 146

130 136 46 142

31 72 149 137 107 33 97

59 19 24 58

86 152 95 92

4 51 54 90

102 106 87 66 52 150

55 147 99 121 85 101

5 44 53 35 103

39 32 119 131 37 140 112 27 21 145 48 62 77

41 57 125 144

18 118 56 143 10 113

13 70 108

80 115 151 45 122 49

124 11 76 6 117 104

79 47 69 22 9 15 65

123 153 34 109 25 7 100 68 94

The New Books

(*Continued from page 24*)

visible. His is clearly the most authentic voice which has yet been raised against the present regime in Italy.

A curious "Note on Ignazio Silone" has been added to pad out a slender book. The critical convolutions of the Germanic author, who compares Silone with Giono, Ramuz, Ludwig Renn, Zola, and Hamsun, do not seriously detract from the vigorous impression made by the Italian writer's work.

T. P., Jr.

FIELDS OF GOMORRAH. By Nelia Gardner White. Stokes. 1935. $2.

This novel gives the impression of having been written to show the other side of "Main Street" and "Elmer Gantry." It is an honest, sincere story of a liberal Methodist minister and his forthright, unconventional wife; of the provincial hypocrisy and cruelty of some communities and the simple, steadfast humanity of others. John and Lucy McKinstry are moved from town to town, after the manner of clergymen; they grow together through the long succession of joys and troubles, small and large, that make a happy marriage. The author writes without imagination, but with a sympathy and sincerity which prevent a stereotyped story from being a dull one.

G. S.

Brief Mention

The renewed interest in Lewis Carroll has called forth an edition, with an introduction by John Francis McDermott, of his lesser known works, notably the journal of a tour in Russia in 1867. It is entitled *The Russian Journal and Other Selections from the Work of Lewis Carroll* (Dutton, $3). * * * An interesting expedition into the byways of history is V. *Wheeler-Holohan's The History of the King's Messengers* (Dutton, $5) in which stories of the duties and adventures of the personal messengers sent all over the world by the British sovereigns are recorded from early times to the present. * * * We welcome an edition of *The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats* (Macmillan, $3.50). * * * Those interested in the esoteric and the sources of religious inspiration should consult *A Search in Secret India* by Paul Brunton (Dutton, $3.50) in which the author interviews the living religious leaders of India. * * * Another curious bit of history containing valuable Americana is *Colonial Captivities, Marches and Journeys*, edited by Isabel M. Calder (Macmillan, $2.50). These extraordinary adventures of hardships are presented from the original journals of prisoners, chiefly of the French and the Indians. * * * Dorothy Pilley, wife of I. A. Richards, himself a great climber, has written a record of a lifetime of climbing experiences, called *Climbing Days* (Harcourt, Brace, $4). The Alps, Pyrenees, Corsica, Skye, the Lake District all come in. The book is illustrated by excellent photographs. * * * Note also a scholarly book on *Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance* by Eric Maclagan (Harvard University Press, $5). This book is made from the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures for 1927-28.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

IT didn't take long to learn that genuine Old Parr, the whiskey Old Q. was hunting, is still obtainable. First to inform was Shaemas O'Sheel, the fine Irish poet who is celebrating his first anniversary as manager of O'Sheel's Retail Liquors. ☞To be an Irishman, a poet, to have a name that is a lyric in itself, and to sell honest wines and spirits to gladden the heart of man, seems a suffusion of felicities. ☞Some other Irish-American poet (we nominate Mr. T. A. Daly) should invoke Shaemas's anniversary in rhyme. ☞Even his address—Sunnyside, Long Island City—is poetical; even so his telephone number (Ironsides 6-9629) but Shaemas, the long-memoried Erse, says sadly that it makes him think of Cromwell.

☞Old Quercus always likes the modest and tempting announcements put out by Peter Pauper (376 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.) who makes beautiful books at preposterous (low) prices. His new list of six titles (at $2 each, or all six for $10) includes the *Satires and Hoaxes of Dr. Benjamin Franklin,* which have, so far as we know, not before been gathered into one accessible handful. The *Advice on the Choice of a Mistress* is familiar enough, but some of the others are too little known. Herb Roth has done "16 diabolical drawings" for the book. ☞Observing how much fun is had by Mr. Pauper and other independent printers and publishers who prefer to work on a small scale, we sometimes wonder what the great big houses have to say for themselves.

☞That mysterious institution that calls itself The Academy of American Poets, and "plans to reward financially those poets whom it deems worthy," is going to begin by having a Poetry Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on November 20th. Among the sponsors of the Academy are such strangely assorted pen-pals as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Bishop William T. Manning, Owen D. Young, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Robinson Jeffers and Charles Hanson Towne. ☞The October dinner of the Booksellers' League was held last Wednesday at the Aldine Club in New York. Frank X. Howard of Dutton's was toastmaster, and the speakers included Capt. Bob Bartlett, Henry Landau, and Charles Hanson Towne.

☞Among oddities recently offered at public sale by the Pelican Gallery (New Orleans) was a very odd piece of New-orleansiana, viz. a book by S. S. Hall published in the Crescent City in 1858. It was *The Bliss of Marriage, or How to Get a Rich Wife;* the copy was "worn, backstrip missing." And so was Mr. Hall, the author; he printed in his book "A list of unmarried young ladies and gentlemen, with their pecuniary positions in society"; as a result of which he was horsewhipped and had to leave town; the publisher's office was burned by a mob. ☞Another unusual item recently "dispersed" was a copy of William McFee's *Harbours of Memory,* sold by the Union Galleries (New York), with a stinging inscription in which Mr. McFee writes "I am always perfectly convinced that Joseph Conrad would have cheerfully murdered ——— ———" (referring to one of Conrad's biographers). ☞"I have a similar scourge" adds Mr. McFee. ☞One of the most unexpected objects to appear in the auction rooms this year was Bunyan's iron fiddle. It was made by the great tinker out of thin iron plates and is the same pattern as a regular violin; it was kicked around as old iron for some 250 years; finally Bunyan's name was found graved under the rust. What sort of music it produces we are not informed. ☞Speaking of rediscovered music, that was fine tidings announced lately by Little, Brown & Co.—that Mme. Bianchi, niece and literary executor of Emily Dickinson, has discovered among the family papers in Amherst about 130 hitherto unpublished poems by E. D. These are to be published next month in a limited edition, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. A trade edition will appear in the spring.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
HEART SPECIALIST *Graeme and Sarah Lorimer* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Comedy	Rip-roaring, wise-cracking gal of eighteen careens through 300 pages of clean fun with collegiates, an M.D., Annapolis gobs, and winds up as a deb.	Witwer-esque
HIS BROTHER'S WIFE *Howard Buck* (Macaulay: $2.)	Novel	Paula, daughter of commandment-breaking Paw and Maw, weds American explorer but goes ga-ga over brother-in-law.	Tepid
MY MAN GODFREY *Eric Hatch* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Comedy	Scavenger Hunt ends with Forgotten Man butling for family of penthouse swanks. Gorgeous daughter with atom brain yields with amusing complications.	Laughing gas

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers • 386 Fourth Avenue • New York

Our Lords and Masters

By THE UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER
[just published]

The current race between civilization and catastrophe [phrase used by special permission of the copyright-owners] is dominated largely by "our lords and masters," the titans of true sovereign rank who really run the world we live in. They include "some of the most cruel and greedy carnivors outside of cages, some of the wisest philosophers, and some of the damndest fools the world has ever seen. No nation has a monopoly on brutality, greed, wisdom, intelligence or folly. Our lords and masters are no exception to this rule."

Thus speaks *The Unofficial Observer,* the now internationally renowned author of *The New Dealers* and *American Messiahs,* in *Our Lords and Masters,* a study of the known and unknown rulers of the world. This new book is an attempt to find the men who run both the catastrophes and the civilizations of our time, to tell who they are, what they are, and how they got that way.

There are twenty-five of them, sovereigns of the first rank (some of the selections will surprise even the *cognoscenti*) and this, their story, could well be subtitled *The Road to the Next War.* And it is therefore as timely as to-day's front-page headlines. "Unless the old lady of Dubuque realizes that the decisions of some thin-lipped Commissar, the actions of some bull-necked banker, the philosophy of some Samurai thousands of miles away can destroy her, she is quite capable, with the gentle perversity of the American female, of compelling the Commissar, banker or Samurai to press the button which will, after suitable delay, explode the mine under her gentle way of living."

With the publication of this, his third book, *The Unofficial Observer* still refuses, for good reasons, to disclose his identity. All guesses will be neither denied nor confirmed by

—ESSANDESS.

VIAJES A MEXICO
for those who want to visit
The Mexico Not in Guide Books
Trips the year around
sponsored and arranged by:
THE COMMITTEE ON CULTURAL RELATIONS
WITH LATIN AMERICA
289 Fourth Ave. New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Distinguished and Penetrating New Novel by

Stanley Hopkins

AUTHOR OF "THE LADIES"

THE SIXTH OF JUNE

The story of one day in the life of a Southern family.

HARPERS $2.50

HOW GOOD ARE AMERICA'S LITERARY CRITICS?

On the basis of a survey of newspaper and magazine criticism of the last ten years Margaret Marshall and Mary McCarthy answer the question in a series of four lively factual articles beginning in the current FALL BOOK NUMBER of *The Nation* (October 23) under the title

OUR LITERARY CRITICS:

RIGHT OR WRONG

William Lyon Phelps is generally regarded as Chief Enthusiast and Head Recommender in the book world. But what about Canby, Rascoe, Paterson, Benét, Hansen and the others? Who promoted the vogue of Wilder and the boom of Bromfield? Who shouted and continues to shout "Great Book!" as the procession of Kennedys, Erskines, Bromfields and Allens came up the literary hill—and disappeared beyond the horizon? In subsequent articles the authors discuss radical criticism, prize contests, book clubs, and the effect of the depression on the literary scene. Don't miss this scintillating gossip!

34 Weeks for $2

(38% reduction)

Thousands think *The Nation's* a bargain at any price—yes, even at $5.00 a year. But at 34 weeks for $2.00 it is simply irresistible!

NATION

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

Please send me 34 weeks of *The Nation* for only $2.00, beginning with the series, "OUR LITERARY CRITICS." ☐ I enclose my check OR ☐ I will pay in 30 days.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SR-10

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

The New Oxford Bible

THE history of printing in Europe begins practically with Gutenberg's great Bible of "42-lines," and from that day to this the production of Bibles has been a major work of the press. Every conceivable size and shape and type-face has been employed, and the production of a noble edition has not infrequently been the goal of the printer's ambition. Seldom, however, has beauty of form been attained: too often ulterior motives have distracted the printer, as in the case of Eliot's Indian Bible, Doré's great illustrated edition, or the severely "practical" editions of everyday acquaintance. Of modern typographic versions one thinks especially of the Oxford Bible of 1717, of Baskerville's great book of 1763, and of the Doves Press Bible of 1903: the first a lectern edition, printed in the remarkably clear and legible Fell type, which must be unusually easy to read in church, the last a lovely piece of work, but owing to the severity of the format and the chastity of the type face a *tour de force*.

The arrival in this country during the summer of the first complete volumes of Mr. Bruce Rogers's new lectern Bible which has been in press at Oxford for some years challenges attention as an ambitious and eagerly awaited enterprise. The aim of the projectors was to produce a Bible at once practical for church use, and handsome enough for the private collector.

The size is generous—13x18¼ inches—and the arrangement is the familiar one of two columns to the page. The type is Mr. Rogers's Centaur, modified in numerous but minor particulars to suit the work in hand. The typography is severely simple, depending for its satisfactory effect on large, handsome pages of type, relieved by exquisite large initial letters of unadorned roman form, and noble upper and lower case headings. The editorial trivialities of the usual Bible printing—italic words, short and broken paragraphs, and note references are all done away with: verses are indicated by modest paragraph marks and otherwise the composition is straightforward. The metrical portions have been broken into verses corresponding to the original Hebrew. The version used is that of the Authorized or King James Bible, with the original "Translators to the Reader" printed in full.

There are two editions, one of the larger size, printed on English hand-made paper, and measuring 4½ inches in thickness; one on Wolvercote paper, 12x16 inches in size, and 3½ inches thick. Of the larger book 200 copies will be printed, 190 for sale at 50 guineas, and binding can be in either one or two volumes. There is a magnificently bound copy, in one volume, full leather, on exhibition at the bookstore of Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue. A special copy also has been prepared for the Library of Congress, containing the names of the donors of that particular copy.

There can be, I think, no question that this is the handsomest edition of the Bible which has come from the press in our day; it may not be too much to say that it equals in beauty any Bible produced since the dawn of printing. The smooth and even flow of letters and words across the page, the fascinating finality of the type page, the margins, the headings, and the initials, represent perfection in the construction of the printed page. It comes as near being a work of art as one is likely to find, even in the work of so consummate a master as Mr. Rogers.

It is, nevertheless, true that for practical reading on a lectern in church, the more awkward, brilliant Fell type of the Oxford Bible of 1717 produces a page more easy for the eye to pick up and instantly comprehend, while the division of the chapters into verses is a readier guide to hold the eye through the maze of type than the compact chapters of Mr. Rogers's book. The different types in the two books represent two divergent ideas of type design, both with adherents: but there can be no question that the eighteenth century book is less a work of art.

The new Bible represents the full and complete flowering of Mr. Rogers's genius as a designer of books. Into it have been distilled his powers of type design, and of harmonious page arrangement. It is a mature and sophisticated production, serene and masterly, with all the clarity and suavity of the Italian Renaissance which engendered the type in which it is composed. And it is fitting that the supreme work of America's greatest designer of printing should be the English Bible, printed at England's greatest printing house. There is cause for satisfaction in this.

Monographs On Color

COLOR IN CHEMISTRY, COLOR AS LIGHT, COLOR IN USE. 3 *vols. New York: International Printing Ink Corp.,* 1935. $10.

It is one thing to talk glibly about "color in printing," and another to use it happily: it is a truism among ink manufacturers that the average printer knows only three colors—black and red, and, when driven to frenzy, Persian orange! Probably nothing can replace the sense of color in the user, but much help can be got from a study of what color is and what different colors do when brought together. One of the most delicate and sensitive of workers in the Graphic Arts, Mr. Rudolph Ruzicka, has put together in these three slim volumes, full of beautifully drawn diagrams, the result of intensive research into the nature of color done by laboratories and investigators of several of the largest ink makers. In the constant effort to bring color more completely under the control of the worker, these books should prove of great value, and they will delight the eye at the same time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside—In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

CULTIVATED VIRGINIA WOMAN, social abilities, music, cards; tactful; as hostess, companion, chauffeur, or executive situation with children. Box 121, Dennis, Massachusetts.

WOMAN, 33, personable, tolerant, unincumbered, fully recovered from university education. Interests: literature, a shack half-way up a mountain, people, dogs. Can write, cook, nurse, teach, talk, keep quiet. Needs a job. Box 744-A.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS guaranteed with me as your French correspondent. Terms to suit a light purse. "Patter," 1126 Church St., Evanston, Ill.

RECENT WIDOW, thirty, pretty, traveled Manhattanite, Yankee, freethinker, wants to correspond with intelligent men. Box 757-A.

YOUR SOUTHLAND HOME spruced-up. Tidy Gentleman on mental vacation, versatile mechanic, Florida experience, credentials: will swap renovating, maintenance work for pleasant winter accommodations or if unavoidable, Pinchhit as secretary-companion. Box 758-A.

EMERGENCY! Man in distress, optimistic but threadbare, has hopeless wardrobe; seen better days. Who can revive me? Am refined, American Protestant, "Single," Young Gentleman. Stranger in the city. "Stranded"—seeking a friend. I feel alone in the world, even if the world is full of people, as I have no home, and no folks living; also unemployed and savings all gone: will work at anything for board, room and very small wages, until I get back on my feet. Can drive any car. Excellent credentials. Will go anywhere; will send my photo and references on request. Friends, "if any," in the world, please write Box 759-A.

FOR THE ROMANTIC Christmas gift—personal Bookplates with original woodcut. Surprisingly reasonable. Sample work on request. Planche, 216 E. Ontario, Chicago, Ill.

KURT: Where have you "docked"? My letter returned. The Captain.

IT MAY BE COMFORTABLE to stay in a rut, but it is more stimulating to get out of it. Would you like to exchange ideas (provided you have any), with five or six other people, once or twice a month? Niches are waiting for two or three live conversationalists. "Reds, fundamentalists, crabs and nuts. Please remain in your own ruts"! Answer: H.Cs.

IS THERE a cultured man a few years plus 40, who would enjoy a real friendship (via correspondence) with a bachelor maid of 42? East nor West.

ELEPHANTS AT WAR and other Poems by Thomas Duncan. Limited, signed, hand-printed edition, $2. Prairie Press, Muscatine, Iowa.

PERSONAL LETTERS for shut-ins; travel, books, interesting personalities, shops, museums, country life, or gardens, or pictures. For particulars write, "Traveler."

RETIRED middle-aged Britisher, now living British Columbia, wishes to correspond with lady (not too young) with either literary or artistic taste. Desire to develop most beautiful homesite on American continent. Property has frontage on magnificent salt water inlet and backs up on beautiful fresh water lake. Only person able and willing to appreciate exceptional environment need write. Box 760-A.

YOUNG WOMAN desires to widen circle of acquaintances. Must be American, urbane, personable, "tallish" intelligent. Box 761-A.

PERSONALS

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING IN WASHINGTON? Woman, cultural background, best connections, does research Congressional Library, Government Departments; also miscellaneous or unusual commissions, provided legitimate. Reasonable fees. Box 762-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 23, attractive, two years secretary literary agent, author, desires similar position New York. Cultivated literary tastes. Qualified stenographer. Box 763-A.

COSMOPOLITE FRENCHMAN, young, will help you brush up on your French and dancing. Irreproachable references. Box 764-A.

CULTURED MAN, early forties, would like to exchange conversation or correspondence with opposite sex of the workaday world. Box 768-A.

HOBBY? Have a four by five inch Speed Graphic Camera, complete with filters and miscellaneous equipment for sale. A. N. Erickson, 708 Elm Street, Fargo, N. D.

CLASSIFIED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning. Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare and out-of-print books. Catalogue. FRED R. JONES, Oceanside, Long Island.

NEW CATALOGUES. No. 4, Modern First Editions; and No. 5, Autographs and Press Books. TECOLOTE BOOK SHOP, De la Guerra Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. LOWEST PRICES. Mail CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

BOOKS on Russian art in all languages, rare editions richly illustrated and modern monographs. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write, or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

ATTENTION, PUBLISHERS & AUTHORS! Constance Naar reads and criticizes manuscripts, edits, revises, reads proofs and styles books for publication; collaborates and does research, in fact, everything except marketing. 124 East 81st Street, New York City.

TO INTELLIGENT WRITERS ON THE make needing information on markets, technique, trends: send one dollar for a year's subscription to *The Blue Pencil,* monthly bulletin edited by Thomas H. Uzzell, ex-editor *Collier's* and leading critic-adviser. Canadian Pacific Building, New York City.

HELEN FOLLETT, author, Magic Portholes, Stars to Steer By, etc. (Macmillan) offers help and criticism to writers, by correspondence, privately, or in small groups. Especially interested in beginning writers (boys and girls included), and in material for books for young people. 435 W. 123rd St., New York.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington, Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology. Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York)
County of New York) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George Stevens, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1935. Lucy E. Epperson, Notary Public, New York City. New York County Clerk's No. 222. New York County Register's No. 6E136. Commission Expires March 30, 1936.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

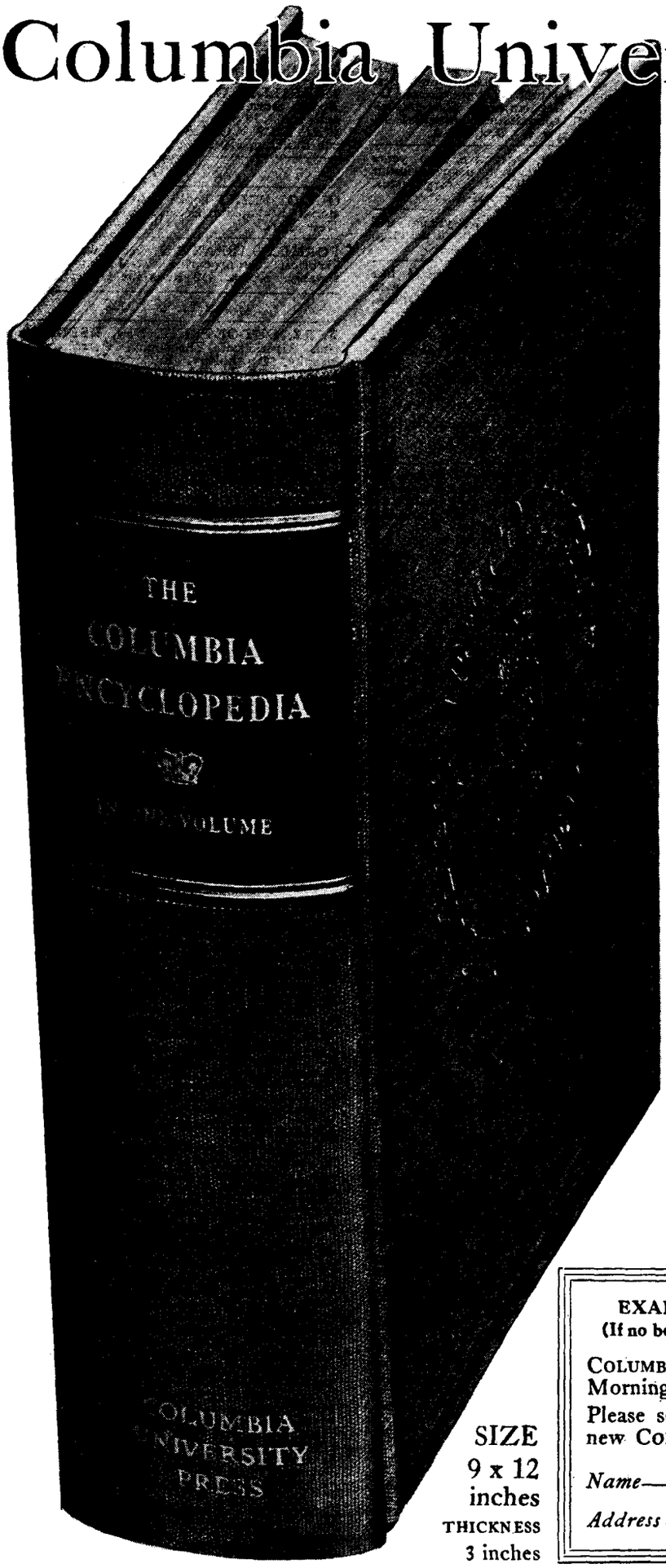
Columbia University Press

presents

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

Now ready after eight years of preparation.

Designed to present an adequate summary of the knowledge of the world, in an authoritative and comprehensive manner, in one compact, time-saving volume, conveniently arranged for daily use.



SIZE
9 x 12
inches
THICKNESS
3 inches

A completely new Encyclopedia—not a condensation or revision of any existing work.

Over 5,000,000 words; 1,949 pages of text matter; 52,753 different articles.

Every article prepared to meet the needs of our own times.

Hundreds of articles on subjects of importance not contained in any other encyclopedia.

The first encyclopedia ever to be prepared and published at an American University.

Strong, durable, handsome, designed for a lifetime of service in home, office or school. Price $17.50

S

EXAMINE IT AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S
(If no bookseller is convenient, write for prospectus.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Publishers
Morningside Heights, New York

Please send me the prospectus describing the new COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA in one volume.

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED